National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXV. NO. 16. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1864. WHOLE NO. 1,264.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

UBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY.

AT $2 50 PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 48 Beekman Street, New York

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

106 *North-Tenth Street, Philadelphia.*

LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York. ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Selections.

COLONEL JAQUES IN RICHMOND.

HIS INTERVIEW WITH JEFF. DAVIS.

[The following extracts from an article in the September number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "Our Visit to Richmond," by J. R. Gilmore, give an account of the curious journey to the rebel Capital recently taken by two loyal citizens. Mr. Gilmore accompanied Col. Jaques, and gives a detailed account of their journey, treatment, and what they saw and heard. The following extracts from the article will gratify public curiosity, and set at rest some notions about Mr. Davis's desire for peace:]

HOW THEY WENT TO RICHMOND.

WE went there in an ambulance, and we went together—the Colonel and I. That we got in was owing, perhaps, to me; that we got out was due altogether to him; and a man more cool, more brave, more self-reliant and more self-devoted than that quiet "Western parson" it never was my fortune to encounter.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of July 16th, mounted on two raw-boned relics of Sheridan's great raid, and armed with a letter to Jeff. Davis, a white cambric handkerchief tied to a short stick, and an honest face—this last was the Colonel's—we rode up to the rebel lines. A ragged, yellow-faced boy, with a carbine in one hand and another white handkerchief tied to another short stick in the other, came out to meet us.

"Can you tell us, my man, where to find Judge Ould, the Exchange Commissioner?"

"Yas. Him and t'other 'Change officers is over ter the plantation beyont Miss Grover's. Ye'll know it by its bevin' nary door nur winder (the mansion he meant). They's all busted in. Foller the bridle-path through the timber, and keep your rag a-flyin', fur our boys is thicker'n huckelberries in them woods, and they mought pop ye, ef they didn't seed it."

Thanking him, we turned our horses into the "timber," and, galloping rapidly on, soon came in sight of the deserted plantation. Lolling on the grass, in the shade of the windowless mansion, we found the Confederate officials. They rose as we approached; and one of us said to the Judge—a courteous, middle-aged gentleman, in a Panama hat and a suit of spotless white drillings—

"We are late, but it's your fault. Your people fired at us down the river, and we had to turn back and come overland."

"You don't suppose they saw your flag?"

"No. It was hidden by the trees; but a shot came uncomfortably near us. It struck the water, and ricochetted not three yards off. A little nearer, and it would have shortened me by a head, and the Colonel by two feet."

"That would have been a sad thing for you; but a miss, you know, is as good as a mile," said the Judge, evidently enjoying the "joke."

"We hear Grant was in the boat that followed yours, and was struck while at dinner," remarked Capt. Hatch, the Judge's adjutant—a gentleman, and about the best looking man in the Confederacy.

"Indeed! Do you believe it?"

"I don't know, of course"; and his looks asked for an answer. We gave none, for all such information is contraband. We might have told him that Grant, Butler and Foster examined their position from Mrs. Grover's house—about four hundred yards distant—two hours after the rebel cannon-ball danced a breakdown on the Lieutenant-General's dinner-table.

THE REBEL OFFICERS.

We were then introduced to the other officials—Major Henniken of the War Department, a young man formerly of New York, but now scorning the imputation of being a Yankee, and Mr. Charles Javins, of the provost-guard of Richmond. This latter individual was our shadow in Dixie. He was of medium height, stoutly built, with a short, thick neck, and arms and shoulders denoting great strength. He looked a natural born jailer, and much such a character as a timid man would not care to encounter, except at long range of a rifle warranted to fire twenty shots a minute, and to hit every time.

To give us a moonlight view of the Richmond fortifications, the Judge proposed to start after sundown, and, as it wanted some hours of that time, we seated ourselves on the ground, and entered into conversation. The treatment of our prisoners, the *status* of black troops and non-combatants, and all the questions which have led to the suspension of exchanges, had been good-naturedly discussed, when the Captain, looking up from one of the Northern papers we had brought him, said—

"Do you know, it mortifies me that you don't hate us as we hate you? You kill us as Agassiz kills a fly—because you love us."

"Of course we do. The North is being crucified for love of the South."

"If you love us so, why don't you let us go?" asked the Judge, rather curtly.

"For that very reason—because we love you. If we let you go, with slavery, and your notions of 'empire,' you'd run straight to barbarism and the devil."

"We'd take the risk of that. But let me tell you, if you are going to Mr. Davis with any such ideas you might as well turn back at once. He can make peace on no other basis than independence. Recognition must be the beginning, middle and ending of all negotiations. Our people will accept peace on no other terms."

"I think you are wrong there," said the Colonel. "When I was here a year ago, I met many of your leading men, and they all assured me they wanted peace and reunion, even at the sacrifice of slavery. Within a week a man you venerate and love has met me at Baltimore, and besought me to come here and offer Mr. Davis peace on such conditions."

"That may be. Some of our old men, who are weak in the knees, may want peace on any terms; but the Southern people will not have it without independence. Mr. Davis knows them, and you will find he will insist upon that. Concede that, and we'll not quarrel about minor matters."

"We'll not quarrel at all. But it's sundown, and time we were 'on to Richmond.'"

"That's *The Tribune* cry," said the Captain, rising; "and I hurrah for *The Tribune*, for it's honest, and —I want my supper."

We all laughed, and the Judge ordered the horses. As we were about to start, I said to him—

"You've forgotten our parole."

"O, never mind that. We'll attend to that at Richmond."

Stepping into his carriage, and unfurling the flag of truce, he then led the way, by a "short cut" across the corn-field which divided the mansion from the high road. We followed in an ambulance drawn by a pair of mules, our shadow—Mr. Javins—sitting between us and the twilight, and Jack, a "likely darkey," almost the sole survivor of his master's twelve hundred slaves ("De ress all stole, massa—stole by you Yankees"), occupying the front seat, and with a stout whip "working our passage" to Richmond.

IN RICHMOND.

* * * At ten o'clock that night we planted our flag (against a lamp post) in the very heart of the hostile city. As we alighted at the doorway of the Spotswood Hotel, the Judge said to the Colonel—

"Button your outside coat up closely. Your uniform must not be seen here."

The Colonel did as he was bidden; and, without stopping to register our names at the office, we followed the Judge and the Captain up to No. 60. It was a large, square room in the fourth story, with an unswept, ragged carpet, and bare white walls, smeared with soot and tobacco juice. Several chairs, a marble-top table, and a pine washstand and clothespress straggled about the floor, and in the corners were three beds, garnished with tattered pillow-cases, and covered with white counterpanes, grown gray with longing for soapsuds and a washtub. The plainer and humbler of these beds was designed for the burly Mr. Javins; the others had been made ready for the extraordinary envoys (not envoys extraordinary) who, in defiance of all precedent and the "law of nations," had just then "taken Richmond."

A single gas-jet was burning over the mantel-piece, and above it I saw a "writing on the wall" which implied that Jane Jackson had run up a washing-score of fifty dollars!

I was congratulating myself on not having to pay that woman's laundry-bills, when the Judge said—

"You want supper. What shall we order?"

"A slice of hot corn-bread would make me the happiest man in Richmond."

The Captain thereupon left the room, and shortly returning, remarked—

"The landlord swears you're from Georgia. He says none but a Georgian would call for corn-bread at this time of night."

On that hint we acted, and when our sooty attendant came in with the supper-things, we discussed Georgia mines, Georgia banks, and Georgia mosquitoes, in a way that showed we had been bitten by all of them. In half an hour it was noised all about the hotel that the two gentlemen the Confederacy was taking such excellent care of were from Georgia.

The meal ended, and a quiet smoke over, our entertainers rose to go. As the Judge bade us good-night, he said to us—

"In the morning you had better address a note to Mr. Benjamin, asking the interview with the President. I will call at 10 o'clock, and take it to him."

"Very well. But will Mr. Davis see us on Sunday?"

"Oh, that will make no difference."

THE NEXT DAY.

The next morning, after breakfast, which we took in our room with Mr. Javins, we indited a note—of which the following is a copy—to the Confederate Secretary of State:

"SPOTSWOOD HOUSE, RICHMOND, Va., July 17, 1864.

"*Hon. J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State, etc.:*

"DEAR SIR: The undersigned respectfully solicit an interview with President Davis.

"They visit Richmond only as private citizens, and have no official character or authority; but they are acquainted with the views of the United States government, and with the sentiments of the Northern people, relative to an adjustment of the differences existing between the North and the South, and earnestly hope that a free interchange of views between President Davis and themselves may open the way to such official negotiations as will result in restoring peace to the two sections of our distracted country.

"They therefore ask an interview with the President, and awaiting your reply, etc.

"Truly and respectfully yours,"

This was signed by both of us; and when the Judge called, as he had appointed, we sent it—together with a commendatory letter I had received, on setting out, from a near relative of Mr. Davis—to the rebel Secretary. In half an hour Judge Ould returned, saying, "Mr. Benjamin sends you his compliments, and will be happy to see you at the State Department."

SECRETARY BENJAMIN.

We found the Secretary—a short, plump, oily little man in black, with a keen black eye, a Jew face, a yellow skin, curly black hair, closely-trimmed black whiskers, and a ponderous gold watch-chain—in the Northwest room of the "United States" Custom House. Over the door of this room were the words "State Department," and round its walls were hung a few maps and battle-plans. In one corner was a tier of shelves filled with books, among which I noticed Headley's "History," Lossing's "Pictorial History," Parton's "Butler," Greeley's "American Conflict," a complete set of the *Rebellion Record*, and a dozen numbers and several bound volumes of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in the centre of the apartment was a black walnut table, covered with green cloth, and filled with a multitude of "state papers." At this table sat the Secretary. He rose as we entered, and, as Judge Ould introduced us, took our hands and said—

"I am glad, very glad, to meet you, gentlemen. I have read your note, and"—bowing to me—"the open letter you bring from ——. Your errand commands my respect and sympathy. Pray be seated."

As we took the proffered seats, the Colonel, drawing off his "duster," and displaying his uniform, said—

"We thank you for this cordial reception, Mr. Benjamin. We trust you will be as glad to hear us as you are to see us."

"No doubt I shall be, for you come to talk of peace. Peace is what we all want."

"It is, indeed; and for that reason we are here to see Mr. Davis. Can we see him, sir?"

"Do you bring any overtures to him from your government?"

"No, sir. We bring no overtures, and have no authority from our government. We state that in our note. We would be glad, however, to know what terms would be acceptable to Mr. Davis. If they at all harmonize with Mr. Lincoln's views, we will report them to him, and so open the door for official negotiations."

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Lincoln's views?"

"One of us is, fully."

"Did Mr. Lincoln, *in any way*, authorize you to come here?"

"No, sir. We came with his pass, but not by his request. We say, distinctly, we have no official, or unofficial authority. We come as men and Christians, not as diplomatists, hoping, in a frank talk with Mr. Davis, to discover some way by which this war may be stopped."

"Well, gentlemen, I will repeat what you say to the President, and if he follows my advice—and I think he will—he will meet you. He will be at church this afternoon; so, suppose you call here at nine this evening. If anything should occur in the meantime to prevent his seeing you, I will let you know through Judge Ould."

* * * * * * * *

After a day spent in our room, conversing with the Judge, or watching the passers-by in the street—I should like to tell who they were and how they looked, but such information is just now contraband—we called again at 9 o'clock at the State Department.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Mr. Benjamin occupied his previous seat at the table, and at his right sat a spare, thin-featured man, with iron-gray hair and beard, and a clear gray eye full of life and vigor. He had a broad massive forehead, and a mouth and chin denoting great energy and strength of will. His face was emaciated and much wrinkled, but his features were good, especially his eyes—though one of them bore a scar, apparently made by some sharp instrument. He wore a suit of grayish-brown, evidently of foreign manufacture, and as he rose, I saw that he was about five feet ten inches high, with a slight stoop in the shoulders. His manners were simple, easy, and quite fascinating; and he threw an indescribable charm into his voice, as he extended his hand, and said to us—

"I am glad to see you, gentlemen. You are very welcome to Richmond."

And this was the man who was President of the United States under Franklin Pierce, and who is now the heart, soul, and brains of the Southern Confederacy!

His manner put me entirely at my ease—the Colonel would be at his, if he stood before Cæsar—and I replied—

"We thank you, Mr. Davis. It is not often you meet men of our clothes, and our principles, in Richmond."

"Not often, not so often as I could wish; and I trust your coming may lead to a more frequent and a more friendly intercourse between the North and the South."

"We sincerely hope it may."

"Mr. Benjamin tells me you have asked to see me, to"—

And he paused, as if desiring we should finish the sentence. The Colonel replied:

"Yes, sir. We have asked this interview in the hope that you may suggest some way by which this war can be stopped. Our people want peace; your people do, and your Congress has recently said that *you* do. We have come to ask how it can be brought about."

"In a very simple way. Withdraw your armies from our territory, and peace will come of itself. We do not seek to subjugate you. We are not waging an offensive war, except so far as it is offensive-defensive—that is, so far as we are forced to invade you to prevent your invading us. Let us alone and peace will come at once."

"But we cannot let you alone so long as you repudiate the Union. That is the one thing the Northern people will not surrender."

"I know. You would deny to us what you exact for yourselves—the right of self-government."

"No, sir," I remarked. "We would deny you no natural right. But we think Union essential to peace; and, Mr. Davis, *could* two people, with the same language, separated by only an imaginary line, live at peace with each other? Would not disputes constantly arise, and cause almost constant war between them?"

"Undoubtedly—with this generation. You have sown such bitterness at the South, you have put such an ocean of blood between the two sections, that I despair of seeing any harmony in my time. Our children may forget this war, but *we* cannot."

"I think the bitterness you speak of, sir," said the Colonel, "does not really exist. We must talk here as friends; our soldiers meet and fraternize with each other; and I feel sure that if the Union were restored, a more friendly feeling would arise between us than has ever existed. The war has made us know and respect each other better than before. This is the view of very many Southern men; I have had it from many of them—your leading citizens."

"They are mistaken," replied Mr. Davis. "They do not understand Southern sentiment. How can we feel anything but bitterness towards men who deny us our rights? If you enter my house and drive me out of it, I not your natural enemy?"

"You put the case too strongly. But we cannot fight forever; the war must end at some time; we must finally agree upon something; can we not agree now and stop this frightful carnage? We are both Christian men, Mr. Davis. Can *you*, as a Christian man, leave untried any means that may lead to peace?"

"No, I cannot. I desire peace as much as you do. I deplore bloodshed as much as you do; but I feel that not one drop of the blood shed in this war is on *my* hands; I can look up to my God and say this. I tried all in my power to avert this war. I saw it coming, and for twelve years I worked night and day to prevent it, but I could not. The North was mad and blind; it would not let us govern ourselves; and so the war came, and now it must go on till the last man of this generation falls in his tracks, and his children seize his musket and fight his battles, unless you acknowledge our right to self-government. We are not fighting for slavery. We are fighting for independence—and that or extermination we will have."

"And there are at least four and a half millions of us left; so you see you have a work before you," said Mr. Benjamin, with a decided sneer.

"We have no wish to exterminate you," answered the Colonel. "I believe what I have said—that there is no bitterness between the Northern and Southern people. The North, I know, loves the South. When peace comes it will pour money and means into your hands to repair the waste caused by the war; and it would now welcome you back and forgive you all the loss and bloodshed you have caused. But we must crush your armies and exterminate your government. And is not that already nearly done? You are wholly without money and at the end of your resources. Grant has shut you up in Richmond. Sherman is before Atlanta. Had you not, then, better accept honorable terms while you can retain your prestige and save the pride of the southern people?"

MR. DAVIS ON THE CONFEDERATE PROSPECTS.

Mr. Davis smiled.

"I respect your earnestness, Colonel, but you do not seem to understand the situation. We are not exactly shut up in Richmond. If your papers tell the truth, it is your capital that is in danger, not ours. Some weeks ago Grant crossed the Rapidan to whip Lee and take Richmond. Lee drove him in the first battle, and then Grant executed what your people call a 'brilliant flank movement,' and fought Lee again. Lee drove him a second time, and then Grant made another 'flank movement'; and so they kept on—Lee whipping and Grant flanking—until Grant got where he is now. And what is the net result? Grant has lost seventy-five or eighty thousand men—more than Lee had at the outset—and is no nearer taking Richmond than at first; and Lee, whose front has never been broken, holds him completely in check, and has men enough to spare to invade Maryland, and threaten Washington! Sherman, to be sure, *is* before Atlanta; but suppose he is, and suppose he takes it? You know that the farther he goes from his base of supplies the weaker he grows, and the more disastrous defeat will be to him. And defeat *may* come. So, in a military view, I should certainly say our position was better than yours.

"As to money; we are richer than you are. You smile; but admit that our paper is worth nothing—it answers as a circulating-medium; and we hold it all ourselves. If every dollar of it were lost, we should, as we have no foreign debt, be none the poorer. But it is worth something; it has the solid basis of a large cotton-crop, while yours rests on nothing, and you owe all the world. As to resources; we do not lack for arms or ammunition, and we have still a wide territory from which to gather supplies. So, you see, we are not in extremities. But if we were—if we were without money, without food, without weapons—if our whole country were devastated, and our armies crushed and disbanded—could we, without giving up our manhood, give up our right to govern ourselves? Would you not rather die, and feel yourself a man, than live, and be subject to a foreign power?"

"From your standpoint there is force in what you say," replied the Colonel. "But we did not come here to argue with you, Mr. Davis. We came, hoping to find some honorable way to peace; and I am grieved to hear you say what you do. When I have seen your young men dying on the battle-field, and your old men, women and children starving in their homes, I have felt I could risk my life to save them. For that reason I am here; and I am grieved, grieved that there is no hope."

"I know your motives, Colonel Jaques, and I honor you for them; but what can I do more than I am doing? I would give my poor life, gladly, if it would bring peace and good-will to the two countries; but it would not. It is with your own people you should labor. It is they who desolate our homes, burn our wheat-fields, break the wheels of wagons carrying away our women and children, and destroy supplies meant for sick and wounded. At your door lies all the misery and the crime of this war—and it is a fearful, fearful account."

"Not all of it, Mr. Davis. I admit a fearful account, but it is not all at our door. The passions of both sides are aroused. Unarmed men are hanged and prisoners are shot down in cold blood, by yourselves. Elements of barbarism are entering the war on both sides that should make us—you and me, as Christian men—shudder to think of. In God's name, then, let us stop it. Let us do something, concede something, to bring about peace. You cannot expect, with only four and a half millions, as Mr. Benjamin says you have, to hold out forever against twenty millions."

Again Mr. Davis smiled.

"Do you suppose there are twenty millions at the North determined to crush us?"

"I do—to crush your government. A small number of our people, a very small number, are your friends—secessionists. The rest differ about measures and candidates, but are united in the determination to sustain the Union. Whoever is elected in November, he must be committed to a vigorous prosecution of the war."

Mr. Davis still looked incredulous. I remarked—

"It is so, sir. Whoever tells you otherwise deceives you. I think I know Northern sentiment, and I assure you it is so. You know we have a system of lyceum-lecturing in our large towns. At the close of these lectures it is the custom of the people to come upon the platform and talk with the lecturer. This gives him an excellent opportunity of learning public sentiment. Last winter I lectured before nearly a hundred of such associations all over the North—from Dubuque to Bangor—and I took pains to ascertain the feeling of the people. I found a unanimous determination to crush the rebellion and save the Union at every sacrifice. The majority are in favor of Mr. Lincoln, and nearly all of those opposed to him are opposed to him because they think he does not fight you with enough vigor. The radical Republicans, who go for slave-suffrage and thorough confiscation, are those who will defeat him, if he is to be defeated. But if he is defeated before the people the House will elect a worse man—I mean worse for you. It is more radical than he is—you can see that from Mr. Ashley's Reconstruction bill—and the people are more radical than the House. Mr. Lincoln, I know, is about to call out five hundred thousand more men, and I can't see how you can resist much longer; but if you do you will only deepen the radical feeling of the Northern people. They will now give you fair, honorable, generous terms; but let them suffer much more, let there be a dead man in every house, as there is now in every village, they will give you no terms—they will insist on hanging every rebel south of ——. Pardon my terms. I mean no offence."

"You give no offence," he replied, smiling very pleasantly. "I wouldn't have you pick your words. This is a frank, free talk, and I like you the better for saying what you think. Go on."

"I was merely going to say that, let the Northern people once really feel the war—they do not feel it yet—and they will insist on hanging every one of your leaders."

"Well, admitting all you say, I can't see how it effects our position. There are some things worse than hanging or extermination. We reckon giving up the right of self-government one of those things."

"By self-government you mean disunion—Southern independence."

"Yes."

"And slavery, you say, is no longer an element in the contest."

"No, it is not, it never was an *essential* element. It was only a means of bringing other conflicting elements to an earlier culmination. It fired the musket which was already capped and loaded. There are essential differences between the North and the South that will, however this war may end, make them two nations."

"You ask me to say what I think. Will you allow me to say that I know the South pretty well, and I never observed those differences?"

"Then you have not used your eyes. My sight is poorer than yours, but I have seen them for years."

The laugh was upon me, and Mr. Benjamin enjoyed it.

"Well, sir, be that as it may, if I understand you, the dispute between your government and ours is narrowed down to this: Union or disunion."

"Yes; or to put it in other words: Independence or subjugation."

"Then the two governments are irreconcilably apart. They have no alternative but to fight it out. But it is not so with the people. They are tired of fighting and want peace; and as they bear all the burden and suffering of the war, is it not right that they should have peace and have it on such terms as they like?"

"I don't understand you. Be a little more explicit.

MR. DAVIS REFUSES AN ARMISTICE.

"Well, suppose the two governments should agree to something like this: To go to the people with two propositions: say, peace, with disunion and Southern independence, as your proposition—and peace, with union, emancipation, no confiscation, and universal amnesty, as ours. Let the citizens of all the United States (as they existed before the war) vote 'Yes' or 'No' on these two propositions, at a special election within sixty days. If a majority votes disunion, our government to be bound by it, and to let you go in peace. If a majority votes Union, yours to be bound by it, and to stay in peace. The two governments can contract in this way, and the people, though constitutionally unable to decide on peace or war, can elect which of the two propositions shall govern their rulers. Let Lee and Grant, meanwhile, agree to an armistice. This would sheathe the sword; and if once sheathed, it would never again be drawn by this generation."

"The plan is altogether impracticable. If the South were only one State, it might work; but as it is, if one Southern state objected to emancipation, it would nullify the whole thing; for you are aware the people of Virginia cannot vote slavery out of South Carolina, nor the people of South Carolina vote it out of Virginia."

"But three-fourths of the States can amend the Constitution. Let it be done in that way—in any way, so that it be done by the people. I am not a statesman or a politician, and I do not know just how such a plan could be carried out; but you get the idea—that the people shall decide the question."

"That the majority shall decide it, you mean. We seceded to rid ourselves of the rule of the majority, and this would subject us to it again."

"But the majority must rule finally, either with bullets or ballots."

"I am not so sure of that. Neither current events nor history shows that the majority rules, or ever did rule. The contrary, I think, is true. Why, sir, the man who should go before the Southern people with such a proposition, with any proposition which implied that the North was to have a voice in determining the domestic relations of the South, could not live here a day. He would be hanged to the first tree, without judge or jury."

"Allow me to doubt that. I think it more likely he would be hanged, if he let the Southern people know the majority couldn't rule," I replied, smiling.

"I have no fear of that," rejoined Mr. Davis, also smiling most good-humoredly. "I give you leave to proclaim it from every house-top in the South."

"But, seriously, sir, you let the majority rule in a single State; why not let it rule in the whole country?"

"Because the States are independent and sovereign. The country is not. It is only a confederation of States; or rather it was; it is now two confederations."

"Then we are not a people—we are only a political partnership?"

"That is all."

"Your very name, sir, 'United States,' implies that," said Mr. Benjamin. "But tell me, are the terms you have named—Emancipation, no confiscation, and universal amnesty—the terms which Mr. Lincoln authorised you to offer us?"

"No, sir; Mr. Lincoln did not authorise me to offer you any terms. But I think both he and the Northern people, for the sake of peace, would assent to some such conditions."

"They are very generous," replied Mr. Davis, for the first time during the interview showing some angry feeling. "But amnesty, sir, applies to criminals. We have committed no crime. Confiscation is of no account, unless you can enforce it. And emancipation! You have already emancipated nearly two millions of our slaves, and if you will take care of them, you may emancipate the rest. I had a few when the war began. I was of some use to them; they never were of any to me. Against their will you 'emancipated' them, and you may 'emancipate' every negro in the Confederacy, but we will be free! We will govern ourselves. We will do it if we have to see every Southern plantation sacked, and every Southern city in flames."

"I see, Mr. Davis, it is useless to continue this conversation," I replied; "and you will pardon us if we have seemed to press our views with too much pertinacity. We love the old flag, and that must be our apology for intruding upon you at all."

"You have not intruded upon me," he replied, resuming his usual manner. "I am glad to have met you both. I once loved the old flag as well as you do; I would have died for it; but now it is to me only the emblem of oppression."

"I hope the day may never come, Mr. Davis, when *I* say that," said the Colonel.

CLOSE OF THE INTERVIEW.

A half-hour's conversation on other topics—not of public interest—ensued, and then we rose to go. As we did so, the rebel President gave me his hand, and, bidding me a kindly good-bye, expressed the hope of seeing me again in Richmond in happier times—when peace should have returned; but with the Colonel his parting was particularly cordial. Taking his hand in both of his, he said to him:

"Colonel, I respect your character and your motives, and I wish you well—I wish you every good I can wish you consistently with the interests of the Confederacy."

The quiet, straightforward bearing, and magnificent moral courage of our "fighting parson" had evidently impressed Mr. Davis very favorably.

As we were leaving the room, he added:

'Say to Mr. Lincoln for me that I shall at any time be pleased to receive proposals for peace on the basis of our independence. It will be useless to approach me with any other."

When we went out Mr. Benjamin called Judge Ould, who had been waiting during the whole interview—two hours—at the other end of the hall, and we passed down the stairway together. As I put my arm within that of the Judge, he said to me:

"Well, what is the result?"

"Nothing but war—war to the knife."

"Ephraim is joined to his idols—let him alone," added the Colonel, solemnly.

SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

DR. WASHBURN, professor in the Cambridge Law School, has read an excellent paper on the "Extinction of Villenage and Slavery in England, with Somerset's case," before the Massachusetts Historical Society, which has been published in Boston by John Wilson & Company. It is a timely paper, which we would recommend some of our members of the bar, distinguished alike by legal proficiency and love of slavery, to read and reflect on. The pamphlet consists of twenty pages only, but contains law, learning and sound principle sufficient to make it highly desirable that it should be widely diffused. Why would it not be a proper tract for our Loyal Publication Society?

We have space for the following extracts only:

"Probably the most effective instrument in changing the condition of the English villein—for, as I have already said, we look in vain for any statute as doing this—was the preaching and writings of Wickliffe, who was contemporary with Richard II. All writers agree in ascribing to his mission of reform a direct agency in breaking down the lines which had hedged in villenage as an institution of the common law. It was one of the doctrines which he and his followers taught, that it was contrary to the principles of the Christian religion that any one should be a slave; and so readily did this chime in with the public sentiment of the day, that we find, in a little more than a hundred years after Wickliffe's death, Henry VIII., a monarch by no means of a delicate or sensitive religious conscience, manumitting Henry Knight, a tailor, and John Herle, a husbandman, 'our natives;' reciting as a reason, 'Whereas, God created all men free, but afterwards the laws and customs of nations subjected some under the yoke of servitude, we think it *pious and meritorious* with God,' etc.; and declaring them free."

It is somewhat odd to see thus their King Henry VIII., of the sixteenth century, pitted against our Bishop Hopkins of the nineteenth century.

The decisive Somerset case, which, by the way, the Southerners pretended to deride, and on one or two occasions to declare illegal, years before the rebellion broke out, is treated by the learned professor with new interest.—*Even. Post.*

THE FARCE AT NIAGARA.

DR. BUSHNELL once justified a satirical exposure of prelatical assumptions by saying that "the muscles of lauguter were made for use." Never were those muscles in more universal and sympathetic exercise, than when the pompous mystifications of certain self-constituted international plenipotentiaries of peace, at Niagara Falls, were puffed away by one wholesome breath from Washington, and there remained only the naked fact that George N. Sanders had befooled Horace Greeley. Any common fool might have seen that, in their present extremity, with Sherman the virtual master of Atlanta, and Grant with unrelenting grip upon Petersburg, the rebels would gain immense relief by either of the three things—a *quasi* recognition of their distinct nationality by the President of the United States, in receiving from them diplomatic envoys; or, secondly, an armistice, during which they could gather strength at home, and sow dissension at the North, while pretending to negotiate for peace; or thirdly, by entrapping the President into some step or utterance which could be used with effect against him at the Chicago Convention.

But while an obtuse observer could read all this in the peace overtures from the Clifton House, it required a most extraordinary degree of political folly and of good-natured credulity, to see in them anything worthy of notice by the President or by the public. We are sorry that Mr. Greeley has been victimized, and has been to Niagara upon such a fool's errand. He must pardon us, if hereafter our muscles of laughter shall begin to play at every mention of "rebel propositions looking to the establishment of peace."

Some good, however, has come of all this folly. Mr. Lincoln has again exhibited that practical sagacity which so commends him to the confidence of plain people. He knows no envoys from rebels in arms; he recognizes no estalished government in a waning rebellion; yet he is willing to receive, with frankness and liberality, propositions emanating from "an authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States."

He again puts himself before the country upon that concise and simple platform which embodies all the issues of the war, and the only fit terms of peace —"the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery."

The correspondence of the Clifton House gentry unveils the real aim of the rebel leaders, and the design of this movement in particular. The South, they tell us, will not purchase peace "at the expense of liberty." Now since peace is proffered to them at any time, on the basis of the integrity of the Union, and the abandonment of slavery, it follows that the "liberty" they seek does not comport with these terms. It is liberty to maintain slavery within the Union, or to quit the Union for the sake of slavery. Their insulting appeal to the people of the United States against "this Administration of the Federal Government," shows that their whole plot at Niagara was intended for political effect at Chicago.

Mr. Lincoln's honesty and sagacity have completely foiled them. They have not obtained even a tacit recognition as a treaty-making power; they have not gained the coveted privilege of inspecting Grant's army on their way to Richmond; and they are welcome to all the capital that Copperheads can make against the "imperial will" of our "military autocrat." Niagara still rolls between us and them.—*Boston Congregationalist.*

BARBAROUS TREATMENT OF SLAVES IN KENTUCKY.

MANY of the good people of the free States are inclined to be rather incredulous in reference to the reports of the barbarous treatment of the slaves by their inhuman masters in the far South, and still try to cover up their dark deeds of villany to keep them from the public gaze. But we propose to give a few instances of the same kind a little nearer home. The first instance was related in this town a few hours after it occurred, by a young man who has always been pro-slavery in his feelings, and a strong sympathizer with the South. The scene occurred in Kentucky—*chivalrous Kentucky*. Just across the river from Newberg, Ind., there lives a man by the name of George Hill, who owns a large farm and a number of negroes. To the latter, however, he has only a thief's title. One of these negroes expressed a determination to leave his master and join the Federal army. By some means Hill found out the intention of the man, and at once determined to prevent it. It was Sabbath morning that he got the news, and at 10 o'clock he took the poor fellow, stripped and tied him, then took a strap of leather about two feet and a half long and an inch and a half broad. This he perforated with holes, and cut notches like saw-teeth on the edges, then dipping it into salt brine proceeded to the brutal work of whipping. Of course every stroke with such an instrument would produce a horribe blood-blister. Thus he continued, stopping only at intervals to rest himself until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and how much longer we know not, for our informant, who was in the employ of Hill, grew sick at the frightful scene, and left the place, to return no more. During these six hours he could not help evincing strong feelings of sympathy for the poor, suffering one; and for this Hill, with bitter oaths, frequently threatened him with similar treatment. A short time previous to this an older brother of Hill's undertook to whip a negro for some trivial offence, and the negro, thinking that kind of work about played out, offered resistance, whereupon Hill took his rifle and shot him. Fortunately, however, the wound was slight, and the man recovered, and is now in the Union army. Now, these men have talked hard, and cursed bitterly against a certain *imaginary* party of amalgamationists in the North, and at the same time they are holding, working, and abusing as slaves their own half-brothers and half-sisters; children that their father raised by a black woman after he and his wife had separated. This is slavery as it *is*; not as it *might be*. And a person would suppose that such men as these would be the last ones to say aught against amalgamation.

Our second scene was in the same community, and, if possible, more horrible than the first, and is equally as well authenticated, being related by an eye-witness: A man, familiarly known as Cornee McCormick, an overseer for John McCormick, took a negro woman, stripped and tied her, and then proceeded to whip her until he completely exhaused his strength at the fiendish work. Then, after resting himself, he took two little boys, tied them with ropes around the wrists, then hung them up two feet above the ground, stripped them, and then whipped the little fellows until they were so near dead they could not cry. These things are done in Kentucky, where slavery is said to exist in its mildest form—if so, I pity the worst form. If a man in this community were to tie up his horse or ox and wantonly beat him to death, the curses of a justly indignant community would rest upon him. But a demon in human shape can tie up a man—his brother, his *equal*, nay, in humanity his superior—and beat him to death and cast aside his carcass as he would that of a hog, and then walk forth into the community as a *gentleman of high standing* and a clever fellow. And I am sorry to say that there are men in all the free States that are so devoid of all the principles of moral honesty, justice, and humanity, to say nothing of virtue and religion, that they can unblushingly advocate the perpetuity of this most abominable of all systems known in the catalogue of infamy.

A SPEECH BY THE PRESIDENT.

[On Thursday, Aug. 18th, the 164th Ohio Regiment, Col. J. C. Lee, whose term of office has expired, paid their respects to the President in front of the Executive Mansion, when he addressed them as follows:]

SOLDIERS: You are about to return to your houses and your friends, after having, as I learn, performed in camp a comparatively short term of duty in this great contest. I am greatly obliged to you, and to all who have come forward at the call of their country. I wish it might be more generally and universally understood what the country is now engaged in. We have, as all will agree, a free government, where every man has a right to be equal with every other man. In this great struggle, this form of government and every form of human rights is endangered if our enemies succeed. There is more involved in this contest than is realized by everyone. There is involved in this struggle the question whether your children and my children shall enjoy the privileges we have enjoyed. I say this in order to impress upon you, if you are not already so impressed, that no small matter should divert us from our great purpose. There may be some inequalities in the practical working of our system. It is fair that each man shall pay taxes in exact proportion for the value of his property; but if we should wait before collecting a tax to adjust the taxes upon each man in exact proportion with every other man, we should never collect any tax at all. There may be mistakes made somewhere; things may be done wrong while the officers of the government do all they can to prevent mistakes. But I beg of you, as citizens of this great Republic, not to let your minds be carried off from the great work we have before us. This struggle is too large for you to be diverted from it by any small matter. When you return to your homes, rise up to the height of a generation of men, worthy of a free government, and we will carry out the great work we have commenced. I return to you my sincere thanks, soldiers, for the honor you have done me this afternoon."

Cheers were given for the President, and he was saluted by the regiment, after which the march was taken up for the railroad depot.

"WHAT THE NIGGER COST."

From The Christian Ambassador.

UNDER this tasteful and suggestive caption, one of our popular New York dailies, which *professes* to be loyal, though just now in a most unhappy distraction of heart between McClellan and Grant, edifies its readers with the enormous expenses in blood and treasure, inflicted upon the country by the present rebellion. Thirty years ago a few Abolitionists, we are told, began to agitate the country, and now see "what the nigger costs!"

Of course all this immense sacrifice of life and wealth is to be ascribed to the Abolitionists. But for them all would have been in peace and prosperity.

The lion and the lamb would have laid down together, liberty and slavery would have been bosom friends, and the master, driving a hundred slaves, would have harangued the universe on the glories of American freedom! But as the serpent entered paradise, so Abolitionism sprang up in a luckless hour in the United States, and there was an end to the peace of our "happy family."

As to keeping *four millions* of our fellow beings in eternal ignorance and chains, that was nothing; they were only "niggers." And what if we did stand before the world a great political lie, a disgrace to the religion and civilization of the age, was not cotton king and did not slavery pay? Who cared for principle, who loved any liberty except his own, who regarded truth, justice or humanity? These things were obsolete. We had ignored them, and but for the Abolitionists they would never have been heard of again. We would have ignored God, too, if we could.

To charge this rebellion and all its cost and all its miseries upon the Abolitionists, is an ingenious device of the lovers of slavery, as shrewd as the cry of *thief, thief*, by the burglar or pickpocket. It is like a rogue's reckoning up all the expenses of the police and courts of justice, and charging them upon honest citizens, who only wish to ruin the country by taxation. To ferret out, arrest, try and punish a single murderer has cost our city a hundred thousand dollars. Our sapient editor would charge all this expense, *not to the murderer*, but to the police and courts of justice! But for these pests of society this vast sum would have been saved, and—the murderer gone free!

Yes, "the nigger," this poor down-trodden thing that "had no rights which white men were bound to respect," is proving rather expensive. Jefferson, our great Democratic leader, when democracy meant something besides slavery, foresaw this day and said, "*I tremble for my country, when I remember that God is just.*" Could he, or the Abolitionists that rose after he had gone to his grave, have been heeded, and slavery abolished, our country to-day would have been united, prosperous and happy. Wrong-doing cannot always prosper.

THE SPIRITUALISTS FOR LINCOLN.

[A National Convention of Spiritualists was lately held in Chicago. A very numerous body of people from all parts of the free States was present. The following resolutions, reported by a Committee on National Affairs, after an animated discussion, in which a few Copperhead Spiritualists vainly hissed out their venom, were adopted by ayes 303, noes 44. Among those who took an active part in support of the resolutions was our faithful friend, HENRY C. WRIGHT.]

WHEREAS, in a crisis so distressing and so perilous in relation to our beloved country, the government has a right to expect and receive the sympathetic expression of cordial support of every popular body, whether religious, literary, commercial or political; therefore,

Resolved, That this Convention readily improves the present occasion to declare, as indicative of the position it holds, and the spirit by which it is animated:

1. That the existing rebellion against the government, having avowedly for its objects—First, The denial of the Democratic theory of the right of the people to decide who shall administer their public affairs, and, consequently, the substitution of the oligarchic rule; and, Secondly, the enslavement of millions of the human family and their posterity, herding them with the beasts that perish, and trafficking in their bodies and souls, is to be abhorred and denounced by every patriot, Christian and friend of justice and humanity, and resisted and crushed by all legitimate and rightful instrumentalities, no matter how long the struggle, how great the cost or how fearful the sacrifice.

2. That no compromise is to be offered or accepted, and no terms of peace agreed upon which leave in existence the oligarchic or slaveholding element in any part of the land, for otherwise it will be a virtual triumph of despotism over freedom, wrong over right, and of treason over loyalty, to be followed in due season by another convulsion still more bloody and exterminating.

3. That, as it was against the election of Abraham Lincoln, in whose veins runs the blood of the common people, that the slaveholding aristocracy of the South rose in arms, so the reëlection of Abraham Lincoln at the approaching Presidential struggle will be a special vindication of the right of popular suffrage, and a signal triumph of the force of Liberty over the hosts of Tyranny, in which the oppressed of all nations are deeply interested.

4. That whatever may have been the mistakes or errors of President Lincoln in conducting the war, whether through excess of caution or slowness of decision, every truly magnanimous and disinterested patriotic spirit will charitably remember the endless difficulties and perplexities of his position, the terrible perils which have beset his path, the fearfully divided state of public sentiment, even at the North, and the crushing burthens that have been imposed upon him.

5. That however slow and circumspect, he has never taken a step backward, but has steadily proceeded onward in the right direction, striking at the root of the rebellion, and seeking to secure the unity of our now dismembered republic, upon the basis of universal freedom and impartial justice, without which there can be no peace.

6. That his best certificate of character as to his honesty and administrative ability is to be found in

the fact, that all that is slaveholding and treasonable at the South, and all that is pro-slavery, factious and seditious at the North, is fiercely seeking to defeat his reëlection—regarding it as the sure sign that the door of the rebellion and of slavery is sealed.

7. That as the loyal sentiment of the country, even when concentrated upon one candidate, is none too strong to secure success at the polls at the coming election; and as that sentiment has been overwhelmingly expressed in favor of reëlecting Abraham Lincoln, therefore, any division on any pretext, in favor of any other candidate, will practically operate to encourage the rebellion, imperil the safety of the republic, and to strengthen, extend and perpetuate that sum of all villany—American slavery—hence this is no time for the indulgence of personal preferences, of partisan animosities, or selfish ambition.

Whereas, from the time of his nomination to the Presidential office, to this hour, the slaveholding traitors of the South, and their allies in the North, have opposed Lincoln, because, in their view, he was an Abolitionist, and as such would use his influence as President against slavery and slave labor, and in favor of freedom and free labor; and, whereas, their one great argument against him to-day is, that he has actually used the power conferred upon him by the people, by the Constitution and by the rebellion, for the destruction of slavery and slave labor, and the preservation of freedom and free labor; and whereas, by the action of his political friends, and also by the universal assertion of his pro-slavery political enemies, Abraham Lincoln stands before this nation and before all Europe as the political embodiment of the spirit and principle of freedom and free institutions, and as the political representative of the anti-slavery sentiment of the nation; therefore,

Resolved, That this Convention deem it incumbent upon all the friends of impartial justice and liberty, and of universal progress, to use all the social, moral, religious and political influence which, in their opinion, they possess, to secure the reëlection of Abraham Lincoln in the impending Presidential canvass.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1864.

BUSYBODIES.

Divine Providence often makes use of the weak things of the earth to bring about its purposes. If it had any design to bring to pass by means of the late mission of Messrs. Jaquess and Gilmore to Richmond, it certainly selected its instruments on that paradoxical principle. In fact, no things that were strong would have been willing to go on such a fool's errand. We know nothing of those egregious individuals, excepting what they have written themselves down to be. They may be well-intentioned persons for aught we know to the contrary; but they certainly took a most extraordinary method of making their good intentions manifest to mankind. They start forward from the common file of men, distinguished by the immensity of their self-conceit, the enormity of their folly and the sublimity of their impudence. The early Quakers, who labored for the conversion of the Pope at Rome and of the Sultan at Adrianople, and their successors who undertook the safer and easier task of reading the Emperor Nicholas a lecture on Peace, just before the Crimean War, were practical and business-like men compared to these self-constituted ambassadors to the Autocrat of All the Rebels. *They*, at least, believed that they had a Divine authentication of the testimony they were sent to deliver. We can conceive of no motive for the absurd pilgrimage of these two obscure and insignificant persons and their impertinent intrusion into matters properly appertaining only to the highest constituted authorities, excepting an overweening conceit of their own abilities and importance, a ridiculous vanity which they would gratify by doing anything that should bring them before the public, and a stolidity of impudence which made them insensible to the grossness of the impropriety and of the indecency of which they were guilty. So inordinate were these qualities of theirs that they struck the general public dumb with amazement, and this silence we should imagine they have construed into approbation of what they had done, since we see that a book-making job is soon to crown the work.

We are not at all surprised at the hospitality which was extended to them at Richmond. The bare announcement of their design must have informed the authorities there of the calibre of these volunteer ministers of peace. Two men who proposed, without authority, to mediate between two parties intensely at war as we and the rebels are, men without public character or private consequence, stultified themselves in the very statement of what they proposed to do. "*Un homme qui rit n'est jamais dangereux*," the Duke of Choiseul said when he mistook Sterne for Hamlet's Yorick. If a man that laughs is never dangerous, we may safely add, "*un homme ridicule ne l'est non plus*"—there is quite as little harm in an absurd one. Mr. Davis and Mr. Benjamin felt perfectly safe in permitting the advent of these self-commissioned envoys to their Capital. They felt that their State secrets were as safe from being divined by the sagacity of these diplomatists as was their river from being set on fire by their hands. They also discerned in them fit instruments for conveying such intimations as they wished to be communicated to the Northern mind as to their own purposes and and their material condition. Mr. Gilmore, who pronounced Mr. Davis, in a letter to a Boston paper which we have quoted formerly, to be "a man of truth," whatever else he might be, and this at the very moment of affirming that slavery was *not* the cause of the rebellion, Mr. Gilmore was certainly a suitable channel through which the declaration should flow to the North, "that the war must go on till the last man of this generation falls in his tracks and his children seize his musket and fight his battles," unless the independence of the Confederacy was accorded to it. The Father of Lies himself could not ask a more fitting emissary to carry his messages for him, and all the fitter for the stupidity or the vanity which made him accept the statement as gospel truth. And while the moral determination of the rebels was thus clearly enunciated, the material comfort of the Confederacy was shadowed forth, as has been formerly told, by the chickens and turkeys which regaled the palates of our plenipotentiaries and the "finest wines and liquors" that made glad their hearts, and all without money and without price! A new land of Cockayne, where the roast pigs run about the streets with knives and forks sticking in their ribs and calling out, "come, eat me! come, eat me!"

Still, out of the insensate folly of these men good may yet be educed. Indeed, God does seem to have chosen the foolish things and the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty—even the Copperheads of the land. While these have been, and still are, proclaiming that there is nothing to prevent peace from being made on the basis of Union, at once, but the criminal ambition of Mr. Lincoln and the greed of the contractors for filthy lucre, here their own great chieftain, Mr. Davis, comes "cranking in," declaring that the rebels will fight from generation to generation rather than have peace with Union, on any terms! And not only this, but in spite of all the strivings of their vassals to conciliate their favor by maintaining their right to their blacker slaves, their chief Prophet denies that slavery is their god, and that their rebellion is a religious war in its cause. This authoritative statement, provided its truth be admitted, we should think must complicate matters at Chicago and yet more during the campaign which will follow after it. If the platform-builders there and the orators that shall stand thereupon, shall be, like their great exemplar, "men of truth," they can no longer affirm that Abolitionism is all that stands in the way of peace and union—that if the rebel States be only allowed their constitutional right of determining their own institutions, they will be ready to fall into line again and help the Democratic party back into the Custom Houses and Post Offices. For here the authentic oracle has spoken, in no ambiguous phrase, and declared that slavery is no material ground of quarrel—that what they want, and will have, is Independence and not the security of Slavery! We fear that they will pretermit in silence these testimonies, or scoff at them as false or foolish. But the real issue will be made more clear to all really candid minds by them, if they be accepted as substantially representing what the Arch-rebel said—which, we think, may be safely done. The next Presidential campaign is one to be fought on the question of the restoration of the Union and not on that of the reëstablishment of slavery. Whatever may be the ostensible policy of the Copperheads, however loudly they may bawl for Union, the result of the election of their candidate will be, sooner or later, the recognition of the Independence of the Confederacy. And it will, probably, be soon rather than late. And this, all men should bear in mind, who may be tempted to give them any indirect assistance. Unless the rebel armies are annihilated and the rebellion effectually quelled before next March, and should the Copperheads succeed, if this success be not had so soon, Recognition will surely come, and that suddenly.

Before leaving the subject, we would express a most earnest hope, in which we know that we are joined by all loyal men, that the authorities at Washington will not again afford the means of gratifying the cravings for notoriety of conceited and ridiculous persons, or of giving a cheap puff of a penny-a-lined book. The motive that occasioned this concession to these parties we cannot divine, though we do not doubt that it was a good one. Possibly, it was to procure this very declaration on the part of the Rebel President of his settled purpose of Disunion even with Abolition. But we think the advantage was purchased at too dear a rate. The ridicule attaching to these persons and arising from their crude and bald talk with the Rebel authorities, as reported by Mr. Gilmore, reacts on the authorities at Washington that permitted them to go. That it was a diverting incident to the Richmond rebels—that grim-visaged Davis relaxed his wrinkled front, and plump Benjamin shook his fat sides at their expense and ours—we do not doubt. But we think we are not called upon to furnish them another such an entertainment. And we trust we never shall.

THE COPPERHEAD CRY OF "ARMISTICE! ARMISTICE!"

The Copperhead Press, pretending to believe that the President was preparing to offer an armistice to the rebels, recently set afloat the story that Senator Wilson of Massachusetts had urged the adoption of the measure. The following letter from the Senator shows that the story was a weak invention of the enemy:

To the Editor of The Boston Transcript.

Sir: A statement, copied from New York papers, has been telegraphed to New England, to the effect that I had been to Washington to urge upon the President the policy of an armistice with the rebels. There is not the slightest foundation for the report, as I have never entertained, for a moment, any other thought than that of conquering a peace by the defeat of the rebel armies.

No public man connected with the Administration is in favor of an armistice. I personally know that President Lincoln and the members of his Cabinet have undoubting faith in the success of our armies in the field, and the ultimate, complete triumph of our cause. And with this belief, they will pursue the most vigorous measures to raise money and men.

Natick, Aug. 20, 1864. Henry Wilson.

The Philadelphia *Press* has the following pertinent remarks on this subject:

"In answer to numerous letters and inquiries, we may state that the proposal of an armistice by the government of the United States is a moral impossibility. In the first place, it is not desired by the people; in the second place, it would injure the credit of the country almost irretrievably at home and abroad; in the third, it would ruin the military plans of Gen. Grant, and undo all that he has done; in the fourth, it would make the whole war a useless sacrifice of men and money; in the fifth, it would abandon great victories that are now certainly soon to be gained by us; in the sixth, it would inevitably result in a longer and bloodier war than is now probable, or in the recognition of the South; in the seventh place, it would be cowardly, foolish, useless, and dishonorable. Those who are most anxious for an honorable peace are the least desirous of such an armistice, and if suspension of hostilities for the purpose of negotiation is ever to be proposed by the United States to the rebel leaders it could not possibly be until Grant has whipped Lee and Sherman vanquished Hood. When we have our foot on the neck of the foe, we can propose to stop the fight, but not while he confronts us in haughty pride and defiance."

CLARKSVILLE—THE FREEDMEN.

Wm. F. Mitchell, Superintendent of Schools in Tennessee under the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief Association, in a recent letter thus describes things in and about Clarksville:

Clarksville by the river is less than 60 miles from Nashville in a northwest direction, but by rail, via Bowling Green, it is much farther.

At this point there are three schools, the teachers of which are mostly from the West, and laboring under the direction of the Indiana Branch of the Western Freedmen's Aid Commission. One of the schools, having four teachers, is held in the "College," and two are at Providence, on the south side of the Cumberland.

There is also near the College Schools a very large Contraband Camp, containing at the present time 1,100 persons. Here there is a school of the lowest grade, taught by a colored girl, herself but a primary scholar, and a feeble colored man, of similar attainments. These do not receive compensation. The freed people at the camp reside in barracks, which seem quite comfortable, but the mortality among the children is frightful, averaging 20 deaths per week. Considerable land is under cultivation, and every effort is made to keep the people employed.

Most of the fugitives who find refuge here are slaves from Kentucky. Visits from their masters are of daily occurrence. In presence of Capt. Brunt, who is in charge, they are allowed to try their powers of persuasion upon their former chattels, but the logical answer of the slave frequently is: "If I had wanted to stay, I shouldn't have come away." Quite frequently fugitives arrive with nice horses and carriages. The latter are sent to a stable in town, to await the demand of the owner, while the former are given to understand that they are forever free. I have an ambrotype, presented me by Capt. Brunt, of a colored man 35 years of age, who has been literally ruined by being made to lift heavier burdens than he could bear, and being exposed to the weather. He also gave me the pictures of two boys, who came in, simply expressing a desire to be free. Their dress shows the avarice of their owner, while another picture I have of the same parties shows them dressed in the neat clothing sent by the associations at the North for their relief.

Clarksville is the most unsafe point that I have visited. It is not well defended, and the low stage of water in the Cumberland renders that river a very poor line of defence. Three lives were sacrificed to the guerillas, just before I arrived, not more than two or three days.

The teachers do not seem anxious about these things. The citizens are greatly opposed to the schools, and at Providence hiss the teacher on his way to and from school. Once he was knocked down by a soldier, who was set on by the miserable wretches, who in this County are misnamed loyal citizens. Nearly 700 children are taught in the Clarksville schools. As a little evidence of the peril which attends Capt. Brunt's movements, I give you this incident. He returned with me to Nashville, to procure clothing for his camp. When, from the several stations near the town, we had nearly filled the cars, he opened his valise, and, taking out his revolver, fastened it in its place, near his right side. "Why do you arm?" I inquired. The reply was significant: "There are not five persons in the car who do not know me, and with most of them I have had difficulty about their slaves." At the station where we took breakfast, he suggested that the sooner we left the tavern the better, as a descent upon the post might be made at any time.

The Atlantic Monthly for September contains the following articles: The Camedian Madness; The Bridge of Cloud; The Electric Girl of La Perriere; Literary Life in Paris, III.; The Maakers; Cullet; What will become of Them? II.; Forgotten; Wet-Weather Work, VIII.; Regular and Volunteer Officers, by T. W. Higginson; The Total Depravity of Inanimate Things; What shall we have for Dinner? Before Vicksburg; Our Visit to Richmond; Reviews and Literary Notices. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

LETTER FROM MONCURE D. CONWAY.

29 Cannon Place, Brighton, Eng., July 26.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Dear Sir: I have just seen in The Standard of June 25 some editorial comments accompanying an extract from a letter of mine to the *Commonwealth*, and request a portion of your space to reply.

You say: "The recollection of his correspondence with the Confederate envoy, Mason, should teach Mr. Conway to be modest in his judgments and sparing in his rebukes of other Abolitionists, especially of so old and tried a soldier of freedom as Mr. Garrison." It is often more convenient to treat as a personality an argument which one does not find it easy to answer; consequently I cannot wonder at the tone in which you have met my appeal to know why it is that Mr. Garrison passes over without rebuke such facts as the death of a negro sergeant, and the groaning of half a million negroes of Louisiana under the oppression of Mr. Lincoln, by his wretched tool Banks, whom Mr. Garrison knows to be a heartless foe of the slave. Well, you call to my mind my own error. I have reflected again upon it, and record here one or two of the reflections: 1. I have only lately suspected that what I said to Mason was a mistake; whilst I very soon found out that it was a mistake to write *to him* at all, it never occurred to me before that I had given the Abolitionists too high credit in saying that they would not support a cruel war except for a principle, and that, should the issue of Freedom to the Slave be out of the way, they would oppose the slaughter of thousands of human beings for a question of empire. I have lived to see a political canvass silencing the protest of the *Liberator* against special wrongs to the negro; I have lived to see a Presidential candidate coming between the appealing slave and those who once remembered him as bound with him; I have lived to see William Lloyd Garrison visiting the President without a word of rebuke for the crimes then enacting at Natchez and New Orleans; and I am no longer so sure as I was that the pure and simple interest in which the Abolitionists are supporting this slaughter is the welfare and freedom of the slave. 2. I remember that, when I made my mistake, I did not write to Mr. Garrison, nor to you, nor to anyone, asking them to spare it and not rebuke it. It was not spared, and I did not complain; nor do I complain of your using it now; so there is no reason why I should not rebuke other Abolitionists when I believe they are injuring the holy cause. 3. My mistake was one of forgetfulness of the deference due to legal forms. What I said to Mason was simply that, apart from the great cause of emancipation, war was as odious as ever to the Abolitionist—a sentiment that I had heard Phillips declare a hundred times. My error was to forget the diplomatic proprieties involved in Mason's position. If that was *not* it, please tell me whether, were the slaves all free and equal before the law, you would sanction the present bloodshed to recover the Union you so long denounced and sought to sunder in the interest of such negro freedom? If that *was* my error, may I not plead in palliation of it that, since I emerged from the Land of Bondage, I have studied Freedom in a school that taught me to hold governments, constitutions, forms and laws very cheap where the real interests of Humanity were concerned? 4. And finally, I have some cause to reflect with satisfaction that many as have been my errors, my conscience has not yet laid at my door that of forgetting the slaves whom I have seen in their oppression and sorrow. At least, thank God, I did not offer Mason to give up any right of the slave for the sake of restoring the government; nor am I now tempted to turn from the shrine of justice to the wronged to that of political success.

So much for myself. Now as to not speaking plainly to Mr. Garrison because he is "an old and tried soldier of freedom," let me say that it is precisely the argument that gray-haired colonizationists and ministers once used to the young man who, over thirty years ago, was pleading for the slave on Boston Common. They fancied that they were serving the real interests of the slave, and that young Garrison was endangering them. The man who had redeemed him from the prison in Baltimore thought so on one point. But Mr. Garrison knew that no man was so venerable as a principle; and some of us have learned enough from his life to act by the same rule where we believe (as I do) that he himself is now endangering the entire work of his life.

And now concerning that black sergeant, Walker, who was deliberately shot after being deliberately robbed by Abraham Lincoln (I hope the old abolition plan of saying *Thou art the man* is not going out of fashion). In all that time when Congress was debating whether men whom the United States had enlisted for $13 should serve for $7; when that simple justice was staved off from month to month by a Congress of the President's own friends—by men who have nominated him—by his chosen Treasurer Fessenden (meanest of all!); did Mr. Lincoln in all that time venture to pay those black troops, as it was decided that he had power to do without any action of Congress? If he was in doubt as to his power so to do, did he ever send to either House a note saying that in his opinion such mere justice should be done? Has he ever by any word protested against the robbery? If not, then, as the Supreme Power and Influence, he is guilty of all that resulted from it. He made promises to the black men he enlisted, and broke those promises. And when Sergeant Walker confronted him with the lie, he had no argument, no answer to give but that which slaveholders have ever used in such cases—he shot him.

You excuse the officers. I did not accuse them: they were but the President's fingers. However, when you speak of its being "*necessary* for the Commanding-General to take his life in order to save the troops from demoralization in the face of the enemy," one cannot help fearing that "the Abolition memory" is becoming *short* in these days; for Walker was shot more than three months after the last of the offences charged upon him was committed, and more than seven months after the first trouble. The execution had not even the poor excuse of an immediate danger that could only so be met. It was, however, not the officers who slew him. And I am not sure that the murder was not the only alternative of denying him justice.

You question the heroism that has been ascribed to the black sergeant by my letter. How you could do so with the confessions of that United States order before you I cannot see: certainly every word of it confirms my belief that Walker was a heroic man. For it is very plain that Walker sacrificed his life for a principle as much as John Brown did. It could not have been for $6 in greenbacks that he surrendered his life: it could not have been selfishness that actuated him, else he would not have stood by his comrades, nor said: "If Smith ties up Ranty Pope, he must tie me up also." The fact was that the United States and its officers were in mutiny against the law of God; every man with a soul felt it to be so; Walker and his companions felt it, and appealed to the Higher Law. Six dollars due every man of the 3d South Carolina Infantry per month meant much more in honor and right to those men than in gold; it meant the very essence and aim of the whole war—all that kept it from being brutal slaughter. You think that "the colored soldiers who resolved to bear, temporarily, the injustice," "were more heroic." That is one way of looking at it. It says, "Stay at home, John Brown, and be heroic in bearing the slave's calamities!" Why should we honor the Adamses, and Hancock, and Otis, who refused to bear the exaction of a far less sum than Walker was robbed of, and who (as George III. would have said) "made their trials an excuse for mutiny"? But if Arnold of Winkelried, who gathered in his side the fatal sheaf of Austrian spears to break a pass for his comrades, was heroic, then was the black Sergeant heroic who gained, by making his heart a target for American bullets, the recognition of the rights of his fellow-soldiers. Wordsworth has celebrated the heroism of one, and I should not wonder if Browning should embalm the nobleness of the other.

But why pause to consider the death of one negro when so many thousands of men are heroically perishing for their country? True, one life in such times is of little importance: so is a straw; but the wind-current that the straw may indicate is of no little importance; the safety of fleets may depend upon that! The death of Walker is very significant. John Bright told me the other day that he had requested Mr. Lincoln to pardon an Englishman who had been guilty beyond question of fitting out a pirate ship to prey upon American commerce. Mr. Lincoln pardoned him at once—as he has again and again pardoned notorious traitors, beginning with the near relative of Gen. Scott, who furnished information to the enemy in the outset of the war. But where were the John Brights of America who usually plead for the negro, when Walker was shot? Campaigning to make his murderer President? But the death is not only significant of the demoralization which this infernal Administration has introduced into the ranks of the Abolitionists: it shows that we have a President who believes in an eternal difference between the rights of a white rebel spy, and a negro soldier of the Union, and the superior sacredness of the former. It shows him to be an irredeemable Kentuckian and an impossible American. It shows him to be brutally ignorant of history and of his own age; for only an utter lack of culture could have induced a man of native good sense to permit his name to be placed beside those in history who have crushed brave men standing for their rights, because they had not the courage to concede those rights and their own fault. And this is the man that Abolitionists are forcing upon the people of America! This is the choice of William Lloyd Garrison!—not the man he submissively accepted from Baltimore (bad enough at that!) but the man and the only man he commended for the Presidency in advance of that Convention, of which the Abolitionists might have gained any nomination they had unitedly demanded! And having thus joined hands with the traitors of Louisiana, and Banks and Seward, who said in a dispatch that rebels and Abolitionists were working for one end, and Thurlow Weed, and Raymond (who was just now in the *Liberator's* Refuge of Oppression!) with Trumbull of Illinois and Sherman of Ohio, who voted against amending the Constitution to prohibit slavery (a measure, by the way, which Mr. Lincoln took care not to recommend whilst it was before Congress), with Blair who believes that a negro and white man can live together only as master and slave—having joined hands with these to elect for President a man who, beginning his career in political life by introducing a slave-hunting bill, has returned more slaves to masters than Buchanan and Pierce together, has made serfs of those whom he was forced to free, and who has boasted to Kentucky that he never yet did a deed for freedom that he was not reluctantly dragged into—having done this, these Abolitionists hold up their hands in horror because we are sustaining a candidate whom Copperheads also, for their own reasons, sustain! If any Copperhead stands by my side for the abolition of slavery, the equality of the negro before the law, and the decapitation of an imbecile President, I will embrace that kind of Copperhead with my whole heart, and pray that the land may swarm with such! I do not remember that Bright and Cobden deserted their Reform bill because the Duke of Wellington and some other Tories came to their support at last *for that one measure*—for the rest remaining the flintiest Tories of England all their days. I do not remember that Cavour refused the help of Louis Napoleon in freeing Italy—but that he frightened that usurper into helping him. Until Fremont yields to the Democrats the anti-slavery plank in his platform, I am with him heart and soul. I hope, too, that Vallandigham, unable longer to kick against the pricks, may support him. To me there is a poetic justice in having those men and papers which were united for Freedom and Union when Fremont issued his Proclamation—and whom Mr. Lincoln, by annulling it, demoralized, through the belief that slavery might and would be yet saved—now rising up to avenge their past ruin on the weakling that caused it, through the man that represents the time when they, in common with the rest of the people, throbbed with the pulses of patriotism and freedom.

Yours, truly, M. D. Conway.

The Editor's Reply.

1. We regret the necessity which compels us, at such a moment as this, when the utmost efforts of every earnest friend of freedom are needed to resist and defeat the machinations of the Northern sympathizers with treason, to employ a portion of our time and space, however small, in controversy with men whose services in the anti-slavery cause have won our respect and admiration, and with whom it has been our pride and pleasure for many years to cooperate. "If it be possible, as much as lieth in" us, we would be at peace with all who hate slavery and love liberty. But the controversy with Mr. Conway is not of our seeking, and being under obligation to print his letter, it would seem to be our duty to reply to some of his observations.

The controversy, we say, is not of our seeking. Let us explain: Two months or more since, Mr. Conway, in a letter to the *Commonwealth*, made what we could not but regard as a very rude as well as unjust reference to Mr. Garrison—a reference virtually impeaching his fidelity to the cause to which his whole life has been devoted. It was not a friendly dissent or remonstrance, still less an "entreaty," addressed to "an elder" as unto "a father," but more like the crack of an overseer's whip summoning a culprit to give account of himself to the master. We read it with surprise and mortification, but should have passed it in silence, if a friend of Mr. Conway had not cut it out of the *Commonwealth* and sent it to us with a request—we might almost say a demand—for its publication in The Standard. To have denied the request might have seemed a discourtesy to the friend who made it, if not a departure from the wide liberty of discussion which has always characterized the anti-slavery movement; to have printed it as a selection, without comment or disclaimer, would have given our readers just ground to infer that it met our approbation. We concluded, therefore, to print the extract, prefixing thereto the following comment:

"[A friend, who has strong claims upon our courtesy, asks us to print the following extract from one of Mr. Conway's letters to the *Commonwealth*. It is colored by the extravagance which usually mars the productions of the writer, and illustrates his tendency to make wide and hasty inferences from isolated and exceptional facts, without fairly weighing all the circumstances belonging to the case. The recollection of his correspondence with the Confederate envoy, Mason, should teach Mr. Conway to be modest in his judgments and sparing in his rebukes of other Abolitionists, especially of so old and tried a soldier of freedom as Mr. Garrison.]"

This, it will be observed, is not an impeachment of Mr. Conway's motives, nor a denial of his right to rebuke an anti-slavery associate, but an admonition, by no means unfriendly, and which we thought amply warranted in the circumstances, intended mind him that there were special reasons why he should be more ready to distrust his own judgment than to impeach the fidelity of Mr. Garrison.

2. Mr. Conway, it will be noticed, quotes only the last sentence of our comment upon his arraignment of Mr. Garrison, and says in reply: "It is often more convenient to treat as a personality an argument which one does not find it easy to answer." We assure Mr. Conway that we found nothing difficult to answer in the extract from his letter to the *Commonwealth*. We made what we deemed a fit and sufficient answer in the sentence which he chooses not to quote, viz: "It [the extract] is colored by the extravagance which usually mars the productions of the writer, and illustrates his tendency to make wide and hasty inferences from isolated and exceptional facts, without fairly weighing all the circumstances belonging to the case." This being a just characterization, the case did not call for argument.

3. Mr. Conway appears to have a very inadequate idea of the nature of his "mistake" in the correspondence with Mason, when he says it was only "one of forgetfulness of the deference due to legal forms" and "diplomatic proprieties." It was indeed a great mistake and folly to write to Mason at all—a mistake which should make its author forever distrustful of his own unaided judgment in practical affairs. But his want of deference for diplomatic forms and proprieties was of little consequence compared with the lack of deference for truth which he exhibited, when, in opening his correspondence with the rebel envoy, he deliberately these words: "*I have authority to make the following proposition* [a proposition, viz: that if the Confederate States would abolish slavery, the Abolitionists would immediately oppose the prosecution of the war for the restoration of the Union] *on behalf of the leading anti-slavery men of America, who have sent me to this country*" [England]. Now, in the first place, it was not true that "the leading anti-slavery men of America" "*sent*" Mr. Conway to England; and in the next place they had not "authorized" him to make any proposition whatever to Mr. Mason. The assumption of such authority was without warrant or excuse, and if the "leading anti-slavery men of America," forgetful of the charity due to a well-meaning though sadly erring friend, had judged Mr. Conway as harshly as he judges Abraham Lincoln and his anti-slavery supporters, their protests and disclaimers would have been barbed with epithets more emphatic than complimentary. If, instead of generously penetrating beneath the letter to the spirit of the act, and making allowance for infirmity of judgment under stress of peculiar temptation, they had blindly and obstinately refused to consider any palliating circumstances, and insisted upon holding him to an exact and literal responsibility for his words, they would have betrayed a spirit no more uncandid, censorious and implacable than that exhibited by Mr. Conway in his treatment of the Administration and its supporters. We should think that, after one such illustration of his own weakness of judgment, and one such experience of the generosity of his friends, he would learn a lesson of modest self-distrust as well as charity toward others. Above all, we should think that he would, for the rest of his life, be slow to impeach the sagacity and fidelity of others, and careful especially not to arrogate to himself the office of public reprover of the brethren.

4. Mr. Conway asks us whether, if slavery were to be abolished by the Confederate government, we would "sanction the present bloodshed to recover the Union"? Why he should address this interrogatory to us we are at a loss to understand. Why did he not reserve it for his own political friends, who, at Cleveland, after declaring that slavery had been "destroyed by the rebellion," resolved "that the Federal Union *shall* be preserved," and "that the rebellion *must* be suppressed by force of arms"? When he has come to an understanding with his own immediate associates on this question, he may interrogate us. At present, we choose to devote ourselves to the discussion of practical rather than hypothetical questions.

5. "I have lived," says Mr. Conway, "to see a political canvass silencing the protest of the *Liberator* against special wrongs to the negro; I have lived to see a Presidential candidate coming between the appealing slave and those who once remembered him as bound with him; I have lived to see Wm. Lloyd Garrison visiting the President without a word of rebuke for the crimes then enacting at Natchez and New Orleans; and I am no longer so sure as I was that the pure and simple interest in which the Abolitionists are supporting this slaughter is the welfare and freedom of the slave." And having thus flippantly arraigned Mr. Garrison as false to the great cause to which his whole life has been consecrated, he takes occasion, a little further on, to vaunt his own superior virtue and fidelity in terms which remind us of the prayer of the Pharisee: "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are," etc. "I have cause to reflect with satisfaction," Mr. Conway complacently says, "that many as have been my errors, my conscience has not yet laid at my door that of forgetting the slaves whom I have seen in their oppression and sorrow. At least, thank God, I did not offer Mason to give up any right of the slave for the sake of restoring the government; nor am I now tempted to turn from the shrine of justice to the wronged to that of political success." As no one has accused him of forgetting the slave, or imputed his folly to other than good motives, we do not see what occasion he had for this outburst of self-laudation, unless it was intended to make the alleged delinquencies of Mr. Garrison and his friends the more abhorrent by contrast with his (Mr. Conway's) immaculate virtue! In this he illustrates the spirit and practice of his school—a spirit alike narrow, censorious, intolerant and divisive—a practice which makes no allowance for honest difference of opinion, which gives an inch the importance of a mile, makes a mountain of every molehill, gives to that which is incidental and temporary the attention due only to what is primary and fundamental, and holds dissent from the blindest extravagances of speech and action tantamount to a betrayal of the cause!

6. Mr. Conway makes a gratuitous show of bravery in asserting his right to "speak plainly to Mr. Garrison," and to warn him that, in the course he is pursuing, he is "endangering the entire work of his life." We have not denied this right or complained of its exercise. We are not so foolish as to set the pioneer of the Anti-Slavery movement, venerable as he is, above criticism and remonstrance even from the youngest of his associates; and in assuming that we have done so, Mr. Conway makes a fictitious issue. It is one thing to question the wisdom of a particular measure, and to remonstrate earnestly against it as likely to injure a good cause; it is another and a very different thing rudely to impeach the motives of a friend, especially of "an old and tried soldier of freedom," and to lecture him as if he were consciously false to the cause to which his life has been consecrated, merely because, in the exercise of his best judgment, he differs from you in opinion, not upon any question of principle, but in regard to some incidental measure or policy. The injunction of Paul, "Rebuke not an elder, but entreat him as a father," is not incompatible with perfect fidelity to the claims of truth. We would put no unwholesome restraint upon the freedom of discussion and reproof, but we insist that men who have unselfishly given their whole lives to a great cause ought not to be lightly and flippantly charged with betraying it. Hastily to bring such charges is not a proof of courage, but of recklessness; and Mr. Conway has strangely misunderstood the life of Mr. Garrison if he supposes that it affords a precedent for his accusations.

7. The assertion that "the protest of the *Liberator* against special wrongs to the negro" has been "silenced by the political canvass," and that "a Presidential candidate has come between the appealing slave" and Mr. Garrison, has no foundation in truth, and only serves to illustrate the force of imagination and party feeling in the author. The system of plantation labor and discipline established in Louisiana by Gen. Banks, good in some of its features, was unjust to the negro in others. What then? Did it follow of necessity that Gen. Banks was a villain, in league with the planters to rob the emancipated slaves, and that it was the duty of Abolitionists, obstinately shutting their eyes in face of all the embarrassing circumstances by which he was surrounded, and making no allowance for honest mistakes or differences of opinion, to pour upon his head and that of the Administration a tide of indiscriminate abuse, and to concentrate upon this particular point the whole moral engiuery of the Anti-Slavery movement, as if there were nothing else to claim their attention? Mr. Garrison did not think so, nor did the Abolitionists generally think so. They understood that, in carrying on a work so gigantic and complicated as that which the Administration had upon its hands through agents often but half converted to anti-slavery principles, and tainted with the hateful spirit of caste, there must be many incidental mistakes and wrongs; and seeing that the government was solemnly pledged to the utter extinction of slavery, and that the work was going surely if slowly forward, they did not think it wise to fasten their attention exclusively or chiefly upon incidental and temporary evils. They protested against these evils with proper earnestness and zeal, but their remonstrances did not degenerate into indiscriminate and reckless denunciation, thereby encouraging faction and giving aid and comfort to the enemies of liberty. They knew that Banks's system was not permanent, but limited to a single year, and they felt sure that its objectionable features would be corrected in the light which experience could not fail to shed upon the whole problem. They have not been disappointed. The new code of regulations, prepared by the Secretary of the Treasury, and soon to be enforced, will secure to the Freedmen fair wages, shield them from ill-usage, and afford large facilities for their intellectual and moral improvement. Will Mr. Conway be as prompt to give the Administration credit for the new system as he has been unsparing and zealous in denouncing it for the blunders and sins of Banks? We shall see!

8. Mr. Conway understands the art of "putting things," and he has worked up the case of the mutinous black sergeant with that fine rhetorical skill for which he is celebrated, and for which we confess a strong admiration. But he fails to convince us that the name of William Walker is worthy to be enshrined with that of John Brown and Arnold of Winkelried. Against the injustice of the Government in refusing equal wages to the black soldiers we have protested with all the energy and power that we possess; but we cannot agree with Mr. Conway that that injustice is adequate warrant for mutiny. We still think that those black soldiers who, keenly sensible of that injustice, resolved to fight for their country and patiently wait for a redress of their wrongs, were the real heroes, whose nobleness is worthy to be embalmed by the poet. What would Mr. Conway say if another black sergeant should attempt to excite a mutiny among his fellows because the law requires that they shall be commanded by white officers? For aught that we can see, a mutiny would be quite as justifiable upon this ground as upon that of the inequality in wages and we wonder that Mr. Conway and his friends do not see what a fine chance for declamation against the Government this theme affords!

9. Mr. Conway, after denouncing the President as a "brutally ignorant" man and a "murderer," who regards "the rights of a white rebel spy" as superior to and more sacred than those of "a negro soldier of the Union," and after characterizing his Administration as "infernal," utters the following exclamation:

"And this is the man that Abolitionists are forcing upon the people of America! This is the choice of Wm. Lloyd Garrison!—not the man he submissively accepted from Baltimore (bad enough at that!), but the man, and the only man, he commended for the Presidency in advance of that Convention, of which the Abolitionists might have gained any nomination they had unitedly demanded."

By what epithets we should characterize this piece of extravagant, not to say unscrupulous, declamation, if we were to reply in the spirit exhibited by Mr. Conway when he denounces the President as a "murderer" and his Administration as "infernal," we leave our readers to imagine! It will be enough to say that the man whose imagination, inflamed by party feeling, continually leads him thus to misrepresent the plainest facts, is not a safe leader in any public movement.

"The Abolitionists *forcing* Mr. Lincoln upon the people of America"! Could any assertion be more ridiculous? The fact is that Mr. Garrison said not a word upon the Presidential question until the nomination of Mr. Lincoln at Baltimore had become as certain as anything future could be. The Republican press, with few exceptions, and the Legislatures of nearly all the free States, had declared in his favor. Mr. Chase, the favorite of the larger number of the loyal party who were dissatisfied with Mr. Lincoln, had withdrawn from the contest expressly on the ground that public opinion demanded the President's reëlection. Mr. Lincoln being thus the manifest choice of an immense majority of the loyal party, and his nomination, as we have said, being as certain as anything in the future could be, Mr. Garrison saw that any movement against him, outside of the Convention at Baltimore, could only tend to one result, viz: a triumph of the Copperhead Democracy, the deadly enemies of emancipation. His anxiety to avert this catastrophe, so likely to be fatal to the hopes of the friends of liberty, led him, on the 20th of March, to review the political situation and to express his convictions with his usual clearness and frankness. Having alluded to the grave importance of the question in its relations to the stability of the government, the suppression of the rebellion, and the abolition of slavery, and having spoken of his independent position outside of every party organization, he went on to say:

"The crisis is too solemn to justify heat or dogmatism, or even that personal preference or rivalry which, under other circumstances, would be allowable, and attended with no danger.... There are, and there will be, honest differences of opinion among those who are thoroughly loyal to the government, as to the best course to be pursued.... Previous to the Convention, it is right and proper that the merits of the various favorites should be fully considered and temperately discussed; but, whoever shall receive the nomination at Baltimore, upon him the whole strength of the Republican party should be concentrated—for not an ounce of that strength can be safely spared in rivalry or division. It is as palpable as 'the sun shining in his strength,' that it is the aim of the Copperheads to act upon the maxim, 'Divide and conquer'; and, therefore, they will leave nothing undone to sow dissensions in the Republican ranks, and induce as many rival candidates to be set up as possible—*even on the plausible ground of having a more radical anti-slavery policy carried out*—for, being full of all deceivableness of unrighteousness,' they will assume any shape and resort to any trick.... There must be but one candidate. That candidate, to be successful—we are thoroughly convinced from the widest observation and the most careful scrutiny—must be and can be none other than Abraham Lincoln.... Personal preference must give way to the one overwhelming duty of keeping the government beyond the possible attainment and control of its deadly foes. As opposed to Mr. Lincoln, Gen. Fremont could have no rational hope of success; nor do we believe if but one Republican candidate take the field, there is any man living in America who would poll so many votes, or who has so strong a hold upon the mass of the people as Abraham Lincoln."

It was by this calm and temperate expression of opinion, that, according to Mr. Conway, Mr. Garrison "forced" the nomination of Mr. Lincoln! It is needless to dwell upon such an absurdity. The simple truth is, that that nomination was already assured by influences as irresistible as the rapids of Niagara, and Mr. Garrison had the wisdom to see the true state of the case, and the courage to act as his views of the crisis required. He spoke, not to gratify any personal feeling or party preference, or to win popular applause, but under a solemn s

of speech and press! We confess that this spectacle disgusts us, and when Abolitionists who look upon it with favor offer to lecture us as if we had had made shipwreck of the faith, and, in indulging a desire for Mr. Lincoln's reëlection, were "turning from the shrine of justice to the wronged to that of political success," we confess—Heaven help our weakness!—that we do not incline to listen with patience. When the Copperheads come over to the anti slavery side, we shall not blame Gen. Fremont or any one else for *accepting* their aid, but we decidedly object to the attempt, on the part of anti-slavery men, to *purchase* their support by a disgraceful surrender of the right, on the part of the government, to imprison Northern traitors and suppress Northern newspapers that give aid and comfort to the rebels. Such a compromise awakens in us the profoundest disgust and abhorrence, for it is little better than an open betrayal of the cause.

A WORD FROM MR. FOSS.

[Extract of a letter.]

MANCHESTER, N. H., Aug. 13th, 1864.

DEAR FRIEND MAY: I suppose the political effect of my lecturing will be—so far as it has influence at all—favorable to Mr. Lincoln's reëlection. Still, it has not been my practice to advocate very directly men or parties politically, but to advocate *liberty for all* as the only safe basis on which to build up our State and our Nation. The only reason why my speaking, or Mr. Garrison's, or any man's, is favorable to "Old Abe" is, that he is coming to occupy—by force of circumstances, or in any way—an anti-slavery position. I would be glad that Lincoln and all others should be anti-slavery from the convictions of conscience, and at any cost. But if this cannot be, then, blessed be "military necessity," and all necessity that *drives* them to that position. Is there any moral objection to using even bad men as weapons and instruments to do a good work, providing we make of them an honest use? I will work with any man for the liberation of the slave, without regard to his motives, provided I can work truthfully and honestly to that end.

Now I think Pres. Lincoln and the Republican party can be used for the eternal overthrow of slavery. I propose to use them to that end. Mr. Phillips would not object to this, I think. His difficulty is, that he does not see that such a result will follow. It seems to me, however, very plain that, if we have been able to drive the present government from a position as pro-slavery as the Constitution to one as anti-slavery as the Declaration of Independence, in the last three years, we can finish the work of obtaining "equality before the law" in the next four, with the same instrumentality.

It seems to me that Mr. Lincoln's letter "To whom it may concern" ought to be cause for gratitude and hope to the most despondent.

My great fear is that the people will become discouraged and let the government slip into the hands of the Copperheads. And then the whole that has been done for Freedom will be lost! Heaven save us from a doom so fearful! Yours, truly, A. T. FOSS.

THE FREEDMEN OF ST. HELENA.

ST. HELENA VILLAGE, S. C., Aug. 9, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

A RECENT ride about the Island of St. Helena, which contains probably one hundred and eighty square miles, suggests the writing of these few lines to your invaluable paper.

There are doubtless over four thousand freedmen living on this island; and out of this number there are not more than two hundred and fifty who receive rations from the government; the rations given being "rations for destitute negroes." The amount given to this number only equals that which sixty-two soldiers would receive. Those who are thus rationed are the lame, blind, dumb, deaf and wholly infirm; who would be recognized as paupers in our best-regulated communities.

No soldiers are stationed on our plantations to preserve order. No cavalrymen patrol our highways to guard the persons and property of travellers; and though disputes unavoidably take place, no one ever moves about in dread of violence.

From every plantation, on Tuesday and Thursday nights, there goes up the song of praise and the voice of supplication, accompanied by the clap of the hands and the pat of the foot.

Many of the people have planted cotton this year on their own account; I hesitate to say how much I think they will in all probability raise, yet it will be considerable. Let no one say they will not take good care of their own crops. In the alleys between cotton and corn hills, no blade of grass is seen "*to suck de cotton strenk.*"

The moral and social state of these people, compared with what it was three, or even a year since, exhibits an improvement incredible when told. If a corrective rather than punitive place for Copperheads was desired, I think our island a good one, because they would soon get converted and believe that the sun of Freedom, like the orb of day, dispels darkness and blesses all mankind.

The agencies that have been at work for this people cannot be too highly appreciated. To the General Superintendent of this island, Mr. Reuben Tomlinson, much of the present prosperity of the people is due. He seems naturally fitted for his work; ambitious to do that which is right, he never seems to tire in doing it. His love of justice is so strong, that, to see that it has its demands, he will exert untiringly his utmost power. Frank in his manners and disposition, he has never flattered the people, but steadily pointed out to them their faults and labored for their correction. His great aim has been to teach the people self-reliance. Nature has blest him with a genial bearing—soft and animating colloquial power, which renders his sternness pleasant. What is most wonderful, he has *not*, like most others, tried to improve his pecuniary interests; he has not bought a foot of land, or planted a hill of cotton, nor speculated in a single article. I think in a year he makes nothing but his salary. Surely he is like the man who was offered a fat office by the Secretary of War, and would not take it. In my next I will give you some interesting facts, which will mark the improvement of the people. JAMES LYNCH.

HENRY C. WRIGHT, on the passage through Lake Michigan to Chicago, in the steamer Montgomery, received a written request, from some twenty passengers, to deliver a lecture in the saloon on the evening of Aug. 6th. In compliance with the invitation he spoke an hour and a half to a large gathering, taking for his subject "The American Republic—its Origin, Mission and Destiny, and our Duty in regard to Slave-mongers and their Northern and European Allies." In a letter to the *Liberator* he says:

"I demonstrated that the sole and single object of the war, as avowed by those who began it, is to abolish freedom and free labor, and establish slavery and slave labor over all the nation and the continent; demonstrating also, that all that is for slavery and against liberty in the nation, North and South, are opposed to Mr. Lincoln and his political supporters, because they are opposed to slavery and slave labor, and in favor of freedom and free labor. I showed how it has come to be the fact, that Mr. Lincoln now stands before the nation and the world as the *political* incarnation of freedom, free labor and free institutions. Whatever may have been his sympathies and wishes in the matter (and for one, I do not think his sympathies and wishes ever would lead him to aspire to the satanic distinction of incarnating, morally or politically, slavery and slave labor), he has been placed in the position by the combined efforts of Abolitionists and of slaveholding rebels and their Copperhead Democratic allies, of a *governmental, Presidential* embodiment of political Abolitionism. This position, the highest and noblest a man can hold in the realm of politics, he, by word and deed, now accepts. No matter what may have been his shortcomings in the past, Mr. Lincoln now stands before all nations as the representative of political Anti-Slavery, pledged to the abolition and prohibition of slavery and slave labor."

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—We commend to the attention of our readers the Prospectus, in another column, of a new monthly magazine, entitled "THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS," to be commenced in October by C. M. Plumb & Co. The object and plan of the publication are so clearly explained, that it will be enough for us to assure our readers that the publishers are men of high character and able to fulfil their promises. We certainly wish them success in their new undertaking.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"A Letter to a Friend," "My Dead Past," and "Visit to the Grave of John Brown," must be deferred till our next. We shall also publish next week the Address of Rev. O. B. Frothingham at the Funeral of the late John Hopper.

SLIDELL AND THE FRENCH EMPEROR.—The London correspondent of Bennett's *Herald* says:

"I have just received some very important information from an entirely reliable source.

"The Emperor of the French has just informed Mr. Slidell that he never will recognize the rebel States (even should they achieve their independence, *de facto*) unless they determine to abolish slavery and engage that all the children born of slave parents shall be free, and that 'slavery shall be totally abolished and cease within ten years from the date of recognition.'

"You may be assured that the above statement is true in every particular. I am told that Mr. Slidell went away from the interview with the Emperor looking more dejected than he has through all the reverses of the rebels, and all the rebuffs that he has received since coming on his ill-starred mission."

Whereupon says the *Tribune:*

"We have no doubt that the Emperor announced his decision to his friend tenderly, after this fashion: 'My dear Slidell, you and I are men of the world, and should by this time be able to see things as they are. I like you; I like your fellow-Confederates; I hate republics, and would be very glad to give you a lift in your grand enterprise, if you would only let me. I would really like to muzzle the Yankees, and place a strong barrier between them and my new and rather ricketty empire of Mexico. I am no saint—in fact, though the "Eldest Son of the Church" and affectionately styled by the Pope his "very dear son in Jesus Christ," I guess I am (of the two) rather a sinner. I am no puritan; I am not a philanthropist; I like my bread well buttered, and don't care who knows it. But you see, S., I am Emperor of France, and I mean to die such and leave the post to my son. I may be termed invincible by the stolid; but you and I understand that I hold my position by virtue of knowing what will and what won't do, and acting accordingly. My six hundred thousand bayonets are very well in their way; but I could, in spite of them all, turn myself out of France as easily as Louis Philippe did. Now I am not going to preach to you—I have my preaching done by the quantity—but upholding slavery is just one of those things I can't afford to undertake. There's no use in talking—Europe has made up it's mind on the subject, and I can't change it. Ask me anything in reason, and I'll try to oblige you; but either you must abolish slavery, or promise that you *will* abolish it, or I can't help you one whit, and you may as well understand that this is final, and act accordingly.'

"Now even the dullest may perceive how the national cause has been helped by the proclamation of Freedom. Lord Palmerston is, on the vital point, the double of Louis Napoleon—Prime Minister at eighty because he knows what's what, respects facts, and will not attempt the impossible. The Confederacy would have been long since recognized, and probably aided, but for the ugly fact that it is based on slavery; while the Union cause is identified with that of impartial freedom. Mr. Jefferson Davis may say that *he* can't abolish slavery; but that don't answer. The Confederacy must either be a Slave Power or no power. Hence the ablest diplomacy and the best dinners, however long persisted in, will fail to secure it a place among the recognized nations of Christendom. Where morality and humanity fail, decency and a respect for appearances interpose. And so it will be to the end."

ANOTHER SPEECH BY THE PRESIDENT.—On the first page we have copied a brief address made by the President, a few days since, to a regiment of returned soldiers. On Monday he made another address to the 166th Ohio, which marched up before the White House to pay him its respects. Here is what he said:

"I suppose you are going home to see your families and friends. For the service you have done in this great struggle in which we are engaged I present you sincere thanks for myself and the country. I almost always feel inclined when I happen to say anything to soldiers to impress upon them, in a few brief remarks, the importance of success in this contest, that it is not merely for to-day, but for all time to come, that we should perpetuate for our children's children this great and free government which we have enjoyed all our lives. I beg you to remember this, not merely for my sake, but for yours. I happen temporarily to occupy this big white house. I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here, as did my father's child. It is in order that each of you may have through this free government, which we have enjoyed, an open field and a fair chance for your industry, enterprise, and intelligence; that you may all have equal privileges in the race of life, with all its desirable human aspirations. It is for this the struggle should be maintained, that we may not lose our birth-right, not only for one, but for two or three years. The nation is worth fighting for to secure such an inestimable jewel."

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for September (New York, John F. Trow, 50 Greene street) contains the following articles: Our Domestic Affairs, by George Wurts; Ænone, Chap. XII.; Aphorisms, by Rev. Asa S. Colton; A Glance at Russian Politics, Part I., by Charles Mead; Asleep; A Castle in the Air, by E. Foxton; The Devil's Canon in California, by Henry B. Auchincloss; Fly-Leaves from the Life of a Soldier, Part I.; The Sacrifice, by S. J. Bates; Streck Verse, by E. B. C.; The Undivine Comedy, a Polish Drama, by Count Sigismund Krasinski—Translated by Martha Walker Cook; Sound Reflections, by E. B. C.; The Constitutional Amendment, by Henry Everett Russell; Averill's Raid, by Alfred B. Street; Observations of the Sun, by Charles E. Townsend; An Army—Its Organization and Movements, by Lieut.-Col. C. W. Tolles, A. Q. M.; Violation of Literary Property, the Federalist—Life and Character of John Jay, by Henry T. Tuckerman; A Sigh, by Virginia Vaughan; The Antiquity of Man—A Philosophic Debate, by William Henderson; Who Knows? by Edwin R. Johnson; Literary Notices.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for July (American Edition, L. Scott & Co., 38 Walker street) contains nine articles, of which the following are the titles: Public Schools in England; Novels with a Purpose; Liberal French Protestantism; Mr. Lewes's Aristotle; The Tenure of Land; Dr. Newman and Mr. Kingsley; Edmond About on Progress; Thackeray; Contemporary Literature. The number closes the LXXXII. volume of this, in very many respects, the best of the English quarterlies.

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.—Dr. Dio Lewis, author of the system of "Parlor Gymnastics," is about to open a new school for girls at Lexington, Mass. Theodore D. Weld will be one of the teachers. It cannot fail to attract a large number of scholars. Lexington (the birthplace of Theodore Parker) is 10 miles northwest from Boston, and is a beautiful and healthful place.

HONOR WORTHILY BESTOWED.—At the recent commencement at Madison University, the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, the distinguished lecturer and champion of Freedom and Progress.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

OPERATIONS BEFORE RICHMOND.

The official accounts of the movements North of the James on the 15th and 16th, state that the result of the fighting was favorable, and that the enemy were driven back with the loss of about 400 prisoners, leaving their killed and wounded on the field. Among the former were two Brigadier-Generals. Our total loss from the crossing of the river up to the 16th was about 1,000 in killed and wounded.

On Thursday evening, the 18th, the rebels came out from their works on the North side of the James and attacked the Tenth Corps, under Gen. Birney, which was in a fortified position. The attack was furious, but was repulsed with very severe loss to the enemy. Gen. Birney says that the loss was not less than one thousand, and adds that the colored troops behaved handsomely. In front of one of the colored regiments eighty-one dead rebels were found. On the morning of the 18th, Gen. Warren's Corps moved out of its position to the left, and soon planted itself across the Weldon Railroad, about one mile south of their works. From that point he advanced towards Petersburg, meeting the enemy as he moved forward. He had considerable fighting during the day, but the loss was light. On Friday evening, the rebels made an attack on Warren's right with the evident intention of cutting off his connection with the old line in front of Petersburgh. It appears the attack was a surprise to our forces, many of them being in their shelter-tents at the time, to escape the heavy rain that was falling. After a feint about noon, in front of the Third Division of the Fifth Corps, the rebels, at 3 o'clock, charged in heavy force between the Fifth and Sixth Corps, and succeeded in turning the flank of the former, and capturing a number of prisoners. The advance of the enemy was checked by the arrival of the Ninth Corps. At the same time a heavy column of the rebels obtained a temporary advantage on our extreme left, where they took several hundred prisoners. Our whole line was forced back for a time, with considerable loss—the enemy also suffering severely—but our men were reformed before dark, and being strengthened by reinforcements, a desperate charge was made to recover the lost ground. This effort was successful, so that at night our forces occupied the same line from which they had been forced in the afternoon. Our loss is estimated at over three thousand.

The rebels continued to make desperate efforts to compel Grant to release his hold upon the Weldon Railroad; but thus far they have been completely foiled. On Sunday the enemy made another furious assault upon Warren's corps, sending two divisions across an open field, in fine line of battle on a charge. They met with the most valiant resistance from our troops, and were subjected to a terrible cross fire from a line of battle which they had not observed. They retreated in much disorder, but about five hundred of them fell into our hands. Our position is now so strong as to defy the assaults of Lee's whole army.

OPERATIONS BEFORE ATLANTA.

The news from Gen. Sherman's army indicates that he is steadily making inroads upon the enemy. Kilpatrick has just returned from a successful raid against the Macon Railway, having fared much better than Stoneman. The road was seriously damaged for a distance of ten miles, and Kilpatrick returned in safety. The rebel Wheeler had struck the Knoxville and Chattanooga Railroad near Hiawassee, but did little damage. Gen. Stedman was in Wheeler's rear, driving him up towards Knoxville, where Gen. Carter has a strong force.

FARRAGUT BEFORE MOBILE.

From Mobile we have news via New Orleans and Cairo to August 12, and through rebel sources via Richmond to August 10. Admiral Farragut had demanded the surrender of the fort, which had been refused, the rebel commander asserting that he had a large garrison, and provisions for six months. Farragut was to attack on the morning of the 11th, and Gen. Granger's forces in its rear had cut off all communication with the main land and the city. The Admiral was confident of reducing it. A considerable force of Union troops is (so say the rebel papers) on the march overland from Pensacola towards Mobile, or probably towards Fort Morgan.

SHERIDAN'S MOVEMENT.

Sheridan's movements are not exactly clear, but the dispatches received on Tuesday indicate that the rebels have not yet made any considerable advance. Martinsburg is again occupied by our forces, Gilmore, the guerrilla, having retired. There was a brisk engagement on Sunday, near Charlestown, begun by the rebels in an attempt to pierce our front near Summit Point. For a time the rebels had the best of it; our skirmishers were driven in, and the First Division of Torbert's Cavalry suffered severely—Mackintosh's brigade losing 300 men. At the same time the enemy attacked both our right and left, and a heavy engagement begun. Our Sixth Corps bore the heaviest part of the shock, the second division losing about 70 killed and missing, and 300 wounded. Our right drove the enemy over a mile, and then fell back to their old line, holding it until 10 o'clock, when the entire army retired towards Halltown. The result appears to have been comparatively unimportant.

FROM LOUISIANA.

New Orleans advices to the 16th have been received via Cairo. Later news from the rebels in Louisiana had been received. Gen. Dick Taylor was at Atlanta, in command of Gen. Polk's old corps. Gen. Buckner had taken command of Dick Taylor's forces in Louisiana. The rebels around Alexandria were seizing the property of everybody. A number of wealthy planters were living on rations, in consequence of their houses having been destroyed and everythig they possessed carried off by the rebels. The rebels were carrying out a conscription with great severity, but both conscripts and refugees swear that they will capture and hold Dick Taylor's children as hostages for the security of their families.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

THE ATTACK ON DALTON, GA.

The black soldiers played an important part in the defence of Dalton, Ga. To the demand of the rebel general for a surrender of the garrison, Col. Seibold gave the soldierly answer that he was put there to defend the fort, not to surrender it, and with his small force he bravely kept at bay the 5,000 rebels who rushed in upon him. They swarmed into the town, but he defended himself behind his earthworks till Gen. Steadman reached him with reinforcements. These reinforcements, "with a raging cheer and an impetuous rush which was irresistible," says the dispatch, "charged upon the rebels, who broke and fled in the utmost confusion." These brave fellows, who thus saved Dalton, were the Fourth United States Infantry, men of that class who, Gen. Sherman says, in his letter published a few days ago, are good for nothing except as servants and teamsters, and are not fit for soldiers. We doubt if the beleagured garrison of Dalton agree with him—that their contact with these colored men is demoralizing to white soldiers. The fighting of the 4th U. S. Infantry is a better commentary on the General's letter than a page of argument.—*Tribune.*

DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA.

Col. J. B. Kinsman, A. D. C. of Gen. Butler and General Superintendent of Negro Affairs in the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, arrived in Boston lately on furlough, to recruit his health. The experiment of employing the negroes in this Department, and making them, so far as possible, self-supporting, is progressing satisfactorily. There are in the Department not far from 65,000 negroes, of whom all but about 10,000 sustain themselves. Col. Kinsman and his assistants have organized labor and established schools. Plantations have been stocked at the expense of the government, and are cultivated on shares, and openings for labor have been made in various directions. Col. Kinsman brought with him to the North one hundred house servants, who immediately found employment in New York and Philadelphia.

NEGROES COMING TO THE LOYAL SIDE.

The correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing about Farragut's movements in Mobile Bay, under date Aug. 10, says: "I remember having neglected to mention that some sixty negroes, engaged at fatigue duty on Fort Gaines, were run out of there on to Little Dauphin Island prior to the surrender of that Fort, with two superintendents and instructions to make their escape over to Fort Powell and ashore. The negroes instead came to our lines, and fifty-four of the sixty were in less than two hours time doing fatigue duty on our lines, and the same day were received into Col. Cobb's 66th U. S. Colored Infantry as a part of the Grand Army.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

From The Nashville Times.

The following correspondence was placed in our hands without the knowledge or consent of the legal firm which addressed the letter to Col. Mussey. The spirit of the letter is so manly and noble, however, and so far above the low prejudice of the vulgar, that we take the liberty of presenting it to the public, assured that it will win the open, or the secret applause of all. The advocate gathers his greenest laurels when he defends the oppressed and friendless:

LAW OFFICE OF BUNTS & LINDSLEY,
NASHVILLE, TENN., Aug. 2, 1864.

Col. R. D. MUSSEY, *Com. Org'n Col'd Troops, U. S. A, Nashville, Tenn:*

COLONEL: We have seen it announced in the city papers that a colored soldier in the national army, on duty at this post, killed a citizen while he (the soldier) was acting as guard over one of the government storehouses, and that he is to be tried by a court-martial.

Well knowing the difficulties the colored troops have to encounter in a community once so violently secessionized as this, in the discharge of their duties, and the odium attempted to be cast upon them and their officers, we desire to tender our professional services, should you think any needed, in his behalf, free of charge.

We have no doubt that he will receive a fair and impartial trial at the hands of soldiers in the same service as himself, yet we are willing to show by this offer, that any assistance we can render in vindicating our troops, though some of them may be colored, from the bitter local prejudices that prevail in this section of country, shall be freely given.

Very respectfully, BUNTS & LINDSLEY.

HEADQUARTERS COM'R ORGANIZATION U. S. COLORED TROOPS,
NASHVILLE, Aug. 3, 1864.

Messrs. BUNTS & LINDSLEY, *Present:*

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 2d inst., tendering your services as counsel for a colored soldier, who, while on duty in this city, on the 30th ult., killed a citizen, and who you learn is to be tried by court-martial.

In behalf of the soldier in question, and of the organization I have in charge, I thank you for your generous and patriotic offer; I also thank you in behalf of the national government, whose agent I am, in organizing colored troops, for your hearty recognition of the wisdom of its policy, in arming the negroes, and for your willingness to sustain it here, against the bitter local prejudices and open opposition which it encounters. But I trust there will be no need for your professional services in the particular case in which you have tendered them. For the General Commanding the Post, after a careful investigation of the circumstances attending the shooting of Willis, decided that the soldier did right, and cleared him from arrest and restored him to duty. Should the matter, however, ever come before a court-martial, I will most thankfully avail myself, in the soldier's behalf, of your proffered assistance.

Meanwhile, gentlemen, I remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant, R. D. MUSSEY,
Col. 100th U. S. C. I., C. O. U. S. C. T.

THE ASSAULT ON PETERSBURG.—IMPORTANT TESTIMONY.

From The Evening Post.

The following are extracts of a private letter from an officer of colored troops before Petersburg, addressed to Mr. Vincent Collyer, of this city:

NEAR PETERSBURG, Va., August, 2, 1864.

DEAR SIR: I suppose ere this you have heard that our division has been engaged. The result of it has not come up to my expectations; yet under more favorable circumstances, I am sure we would have won the admiration of all. I will give you a correct detail of the action.

We have been continually notified for the last fortnight that our sappers were mining the enemy's position. As soon as ready our division was to storm the works on its explosion; this rumor had spread so wide we had no faith in it. On the night of the 29th we were in a position on the extreme left. We were drawn in about 9 p.m., and marched to General Burnside's headquarters, and closed in mass by division left in front. We there received official notice that the long-looked for mine was ready charged and would be fired at daylight next morning. The plan of storming was as follows: One division of white troops was to charge the works immediately after the explosion, and carry the first and second line of rebel intrenchments. Our division was to follow immediately, and push right into Petersburg, take the city and be supported by the remainder of the Ninth and the Twenty-eighth corps. We were up bright and early, ready and eager for the struggle to commence. I had been wishing for something of this sort to do for some time to gain the respect of the Army of the Potomac. You know their former prejudices. At thirty minutes after five the ball opened. The mine with some fifty pieces of artillery, went off almost instantaneously, at the same time the white troops, according to the plan, charged the fort, which they carried, for there was nothing to oppose them; but they did not succeed in carrying either of the lines of intrenchments.

We were held in rear until the development of the movement of the white troops, but on seeing the disaster which was about to occur we were pushed in by the flank, for we could go in in no other way to allow us to get in position; so you see on this failure we had nothing to do but gain by the flank. A charge in that manner has never proved successful to my knowledge; when it does it is a surprise.

Our men went forward with enthusiasm equal to anything under different circumstances, but in going through the fort that had been blown up, the passage was almost impeded by obstacles thrown up by the explosion. At the same time we were receiving a most deadly cross-fire from both flanks. At this time our Lieutenant-Colonel (Mr. E. W. Ross) fell, shot through the left leg, bravely leading the men. I immediately assumed command, but only to hold it a few minutes, when I fell, struck by a piece of shell in the side. Captain Robinson, from Connecticut, then took command, and from all we can learn he was killed. At this time our first charge was somewhat checked, and the men sought cover in the works. Again our charge was made, but, like the former, unsuccessful. This was followed by the enemy making a charge. Seeing the unorganized condition and the great loss of officers, the men fell back to our own works. Yet a large number still held the fort until 2 p.m., when the enemy charged again and carried it. That ended the great attempt to take Petersburg.

We were unsuccessful, yet I am confident that the valor and fighting qualities of our men are equal to any in the United States Army.

Our loss is full fifty per cent. throughout this division. Officers suffered more than the men. Some of our regiments have only one or two officers left for duty.

From The Boston Transcript.

As some Copperhead papers seem inclined to saddle the late repulse at Petersburg on to the colored troops, who (as at Fort Wagner and Port Hudson) formed the storming party, we are enabled to give some interesting facts on this point from a private letter of an officer who was in the conflict.

"In regard to the bravery of the colored troops, although I have been in upwards of twenty battles, I never saw so many cases of gallantry. The crater where we were halted was a perfect slaughter-pen. Had not 'some one blundered,' but moved us up at daylight, instead of 8 o'clock, we should have been crowned with success, instead of being cut to pieces by a terrific enfilading fire, and finally forced from the field in a panic. We had no trouble in rallying the troops and moving them into the rifle pits, and in one hour after the rout, I had nearly as many men together as were left unhurt.

"I was never under such a terrific fire, and can hardly realize how any escaped alive. Our loss was heavy; in the 28th colored, for instance, commanded by Lieut. Col. Russell (a Bostonian), he lost 7 officers out of 11, and 91 men out of 224, and the Colonel himself was knocked over senseless, for a few minutes, by a slight wound in the head; both his color-sergeants and all his color-guard were killed. Col. Bross of the 29th was killed outright, and nearly every one of his officers hit. This was nearly equal to Bunker Hill. Col. Ross of the 31st lost his leg. The 28th, 29th and 30th colored all charged over the works; climbing up an earthwork six feet high, then down into a ditch, and up on the other side, all the time under the severest fire in front and flank. Not being supported, of course the storming party fell back. I have seen white troops run faster than these darkeys did, when in not half so tight a place. Our brigade lost 36 prisoners, all cut off after leaving the 'crater.' My faith in colored troops is not abated one jot."

From The Liberator.

DEAR GARRISON: The following is an extract from a letter sent me by an officer in one of the Massachusetts regiments, now in the front near Richmond, dated August 9, 1864. Speaking of the explosion of the mine near Petersburg, and the fight that followed, my correspondent says:

"As to the colored soldiers, I will tell you what I myself saw. When the first brigade (colored), that fought so well, were commencing the charge, one of the officers, a white major, skulked back, and took shelter in a rifle-pit. Upon seeing him, a negro sergeant, turning back, and, pointing his musket at the major's head, said: 'You d—d coward! if you don't leave that pit, and take your place in the regiment, I'll blow your brains out!' Of that scene I was an eye-witness.

"I afterwards saw a white major of this same regiment under arrest in the rear, with four negroes standing guard over him! This was during battle; but whether this was the same white-livered major who skulked into the rifle-pit, only a short time before, I do not know. But you can imagine that sight, when I inform you that this was the first staff officer that I ever saw with sentinels placed over him. You should know that it is considered a great indignity; as it is customary in relation to any commissioned officer who commits an offence, merely to take his sword, and tell him to consider himself under arrest; or at the farthest, to order such not to leave his quarters until further notice. It is unusual to see a commissioned officer, in front of the enemy, in time of battle under guard. But here was a major, in the open field of battle, a white commissioned officer, in the sight of thousands, with four black soldiers standing guard over him with fixed bayonets.

"The first brigade (colored), put into the fight July 30, fought like demons, driving the rebels out of their works, and chasing them into a complete panic, which was continued till they were ordered to halt. But another brigade (colored) was then brought up, and formed on one of the wings; and this gave the enemy time to reinforce, when they rushed back upon our line with a yell; and then it was that this second brigade broke, and this caused a retreat of our whole line, in spite of the efforts of the first brigade to rally them; and so the rebs retook the three lines we had captured from them."

Incidents like the above are worthy of record while there is any reluctance on the part of our officials against granting commissions to our brave colored troops now in the field. However "hard" this "road" may be for our government to "travel," we shall, nevertheless, come to it by and by. This world, we are told, was not made in a day; our government was not formed in a year, and some among us may be slow in learning the lesson set before us in this war. But, in time, the nation will comprehend the logic of these portentous events, and do justice to those whom, for so many generations, it has so flagrantly wronged.

LAROY SUNDERLAND.

Boston, August 15, 1864.

CAPTURED COLORED SOLDIERS TO BE TREATED AS PRISONERS OF WAR.

The Richmond *Examiner* of August 19th sulkily announces that the rebel chiefs have at last determined to treat colored soldiers who fall into their hands as prisoners of war:

"Negro soldiers, outside of the Confederacy, employed to do the work of pillage and slaughter of the Yankee 'ape' who sits in the usurped seat at Washington, are henceforth not to be considered fit subjects for the bullet, bayonet and knife after surrender, but are to be treated as prisoners of war. Yesterday an order from the Provost-Marshal's office, sanctioned by the Secretary of War, was received at Castle Thunder. The purport was that the negro prisoners taken in Yankee uniform, whether free or bond, if they hailed from Maryland or Delaware, were not to be claimed as property in case they were slaves; but they were to be treated as negroes usually are in case they declared their freedom. A citizen of Maryland or Delaware cannot claim his stolen or impressed property—stolen or impressed by 'Abe, the emperor,' from the fact that Maryland and Delaware are within the limits of the 'kingdom of the ape,' and not within the limits of the Confederate States. This decision is taken as irrevocable, and as it emanates from the Provost-Marshal's office, with the sanction of the War Department, we take it as final. Every negro who comes here as prisoner of war proclaims himself as a free man. Consequently the order alluded to will save a great deal of litigation. But, be it remembered that the slaves of Maryland and Delaware in the army of Grant are freedmen. That's enough to make them freedmen forever."

The great Confederacy, the guardian and exemplar of Christian civilization, will not hereafter sell *all* its prisoners of war into slavery. Thus much this magnanimous power has conceded, it seems, to the demands of the "mudsills" and "barbarians" of the free States. Many a reader of this announcement will remember that Commodore Decatur once procured a similar concession from the Dey of Algiers, who also regarded the government and people of the United States as miserable barbarians, and was accustomed to capture our sailors and sell them into slavery.

When the chief of the Algerine pirates found himself compelled to make such an agreement, no doubt some of his followers grumbled; and if there had been at the time an Algerine *Enquirer* or *Examiner* to speak out the discontent of these baffled pirates, we can imagine that it would have used some such language as that in which the Richmond *Examiner*—edited by two "Southern gentlemen," Messrs. John M. Daniel and H. R. Pollard, the pinks of chivalry—comments upon this admission of Mr. Jefferson Davis:

"Negro soldiers, outside of the Confederacy, employed to do the work of pillage and slaughter of the Yankee 'Ape' who sits in the usurped seat at Washington, are henceforth not to be considered fit subjects for the bullet, bayonet and knife after surrender, but are to be treated as prisoners of war."

The person who wrote that sentence would be known at once in any part of the world as a "chivalrous Southern gentleman."—*Evening Post.*

A NEW PROJECTILE—COLORED TROOPS SURPRISED.

From The Free South, Aug. 13.

A few days since the colored troops on Folly and Morris Islands were subjected to an experience as pleasant as it was unexpected. Details from the 54th and 55th Mass. and 33d U. S. C. T. was ordered to the dock at Stono Inlet, ostensibly to unload shells. A line being formed, the surprise of the men may be imagined when they found the steamer laden with a thousand water melons, the spontaneous gift of the colored people of St. Helena Island. It was but a short time before the cargo was safely transferred from the steamer to the camps, and the scene that followed beggars description; the enthusiastic demonstrations of joy and gratitude were more than sufficient reward to the projectors of the affair.

Reuben Tomlinson, General Superintendent on St. Helena Island, undertook the collection of the melons, for which John H. Pilsbury, Special Agent Treasury Department, provided transportation by the Revenue Cutter Nemaha, Capt. S. S. Warner, who was readily enlisted in the good work. The whole affair reflected credit upon those engaged in it, and will not soon be forgotten by the colored troops, isolated as they are from all luxuries.

SPIRIT OF THE COLORED SOLDIERS.

A correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* writes: "Recently I spent an hour with a score of wounded colored soldiers at City Point, Va. Most of them had been slaves—one or two only of them could read. But they were intelligent men. They had just come out of a severe fight, and at hand were five brass cannon they had helped to take. As one of them was giving the facts and stating the manner of the successful charge upon the enemy's battery, his countenance kindled with excitement, and with the utmost vehemence he exclaimed, 'Didn't we yell Fort Pillow?' That is now the terrible watchword of our African soldiers. Their blood boils at the atrocities practiced upon their companions in arms; and when their turn comes to pitch in, in they go, and their rousing war-cry stimulates to a terrible vengeance."

RECRUITING NEGROES.

Provost-Mashal-General Patrick's order forbidding State agents from recruiting negroes in rebel territory has been rescinded by order of Gen. Grant, who permits such agents to operate at or near his base of supplies, but forbids them operating generally about his lines.

THE BATTLE AT DEEP RUN.

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Sunday, Aug. 21, 1864.

The following from Gen. Butler's Corps has just been received:

GEN. BUTLER'S HEADQUARTERS,
Friday, Aug. 19, 10 p.m.

The Rebel attack upon and repulse by Birney at Deep Run, just at night yesterday, proves to be an affair of larger proportions than was supposed at the time. The firing was very close and heavy for nearly an hour; but it so often happens that there is a great deal of noise and little harm at night when opposing lines are near together, that even the Commanding General did not imagine the action was half so important as now appears. But when daylight came and the returns of our own loss were footed up, and the rebel dead in front of the works counted, the truth flashed out; it was seen that there had been no more desperate assault, no more determined and heroic resistance during the war. The blow fell upon Terry's Division, 10th Corps, and Gen. Wm. Birney's Colored Brigade. The following is Maj.-Gen. Birney's dispatch in regard to it:

HEADQUARTERS TENTH ARMY CORPS,
August 19, 1864.

MAJ.-GEN. BUTLER, COMDG. DEPT.:

The enemy attacked my lines in heavy force last night, and were repulsed with great loss. In front of one colored regiment, 82 dead bodies of the enemy are already counted. The colored troops behaved handsomely, and are in fine spirits. The assault was in columns a division strong, and would have carried any works not so well defended. The enemy's loss was at least one thousand.

(Signed) Respectfully, D. B. BRINEY,
Maj.-Gen'l.

FOUR NEGROES HOLD A POSITION.

Butler's Headquarters, Aug. 22.—I notice by some rebel papers I was permitted to glance at last evening that the rebels claim they repulsed Major Ludlow, commanding United States forces at Dutch Gap, from his late position at Cox Ferry, with loss to him. In refutation of this assumption, it so happened that in the withdrawal of the troops, as mentioned in a previous dispatch, four negro pickets were accidentally left on duty, not being informed of the movement. A body of rebels came up and were actually repelled by the negro fire—the four colored boys holding the position all night, notwithstanding the shelling of the rebel gun boats. I doubt whether another such incident has occurred during the war.—*N. Y. Herald.*

DISCIPLINE OF COLORED TROOPS.

The following order has been issued by the War Department, and is published for the information and guidance of all concerned:

"The incorporation in the Army of the United States of Colored troops renders it necessary that they should be brought as speedily as possible to the highest state of discipline. Accordingly, the practice which has hitherto prevailed, no doubt from necessity, of requiring these troops to perform most of the labor on fortifications, and the labor and fatigue duties of permanent stations and camps will cease; and they will only be required to take their fair share of fatigue duty with the white troops. This is necessary to prepare them for the higher duties of conflicts with the enemy. Commanders of Colored troops, in cases where the troops under their commands are required to perform an excess of labor above white troops in the same command, will represent the case to the common superior, through the regular channel.

"By order of the Secretary of War

"L. THOMAS, Adjt.-Gen."

Summary.

Hon. John Covode was severely injured the other day while assisting in mowing on his farm in Westmoreland County, Pa. His left foot came in contact with the knives of the machine, cutting his great toe nearly off. He will be compelled to lay up for some time.

An immence force of contrabands is employed securing the harvests of the government farms near Arlington, under the superintendence of Col. Green, Chief Quartermaster of the Department. It is estimated that the net profits from these farms for the present season will exceed $50 000.

DRESSING A LADY.—The *Round Table* figures up the cost of dressing a lady after the American fashion at $4 310. Now if 50 000 ladies would dress on $310, the saving would be sufficient to absorb the whole of the $200,000,000 now wanted by the Secretary of the Treasury. It would not have been amiss if the same paper had estimated the cost of superfluous articles in the wardrobes of gentlemen, and told us how much they waste in liquors and cigars.

Moses Bates, formerly of Plymouth, made an address before the Democratic Club at Boston, of which Calvin Torrey, formerly of Palmer, is President, on Wednesday evening and was especially full and severe in comments upon affairs in Louisiana, where he has resided most of the time for two or three years. The administrations of Butler and Banks were sharply criticized. Banks, he asserted, was especially unfortunate in being surrounded by bad men. Some of the stories about him which had been circulated were true, and some were not. If he had not drank to excess, he had unquestionably stultified himself by intercourse with infamous women.

The old Quaker gentleman and his wife, mentioned by the Columbus (Ohio) *Statesman* as passing through that city some time ago for Washington, with the intention of procuring passes from President Lincoln through our military lines and into the rebel Capital, with a view to negotiate a peace between the belligerent governments, have returned to Columbus, on their way home, having failed to impress Father Abe with the practicability of their project. They were very much disappointed at the miscarriage of their mission, and were of the opinion that Lincoln was opposed to peace on any terms. What old granny wants to go to Richmond next to talk with Jeff. Davis about peace?—*Springfield Republican.*

I saw two days ago a young colored girl from Washington, who was redeemed out of slavery scarcely four years since—in great part through the contributions of Plymouth Church—and who at once began to keep a boarding-house in the Capital. Three friendly Congressmen furnished lavishly at their own expense a fine house, and installed her as its keeper. In the interval of the war's duration, she has purchased of them the entire furniture valued at $30,000, and has taken the house on a ten years' lease. The only trouble is, that the poor creature cannot take care of herself, as was testified by her elegant, lady-like apparal and demeanor.—*M. du Pays, in The Liberator.*

SMOKE AND SMOKERS DIMINISHING.—The heavy tax imposed on tobacco has seriously interfered with the trade in that article. In New York the number of cigars manufactured daily, before the tax was imposed, was over a million. Some two thousand journeymen were employed in making these, and their salaries ranged from $15 to $25 per week. Now a large number of journeymen are out of employment, and they will have probably to follow other pursuits. The most remarkable result of the tax is that it has led nearly one-half the smokers to abandon the use of cigars. It is estimated that there are five hundred thousand of the former consumers of the "weed" abstaining from it. This fact is proved by the proportionate decrease in the manufacture of cigars.

WHAT A BOSTON MINISTER SAID ON FAST DAY.—The Old South Church of Boston, Mass., was crowded to hear Rev. Jacob M. Manning preach on the crisis. Among the many good things of his discourse he averred that President Lincoln had exactly struck the pulse beat of the nation in his note "to whom it may concern," which so effectually demolished some would-be negotiators. He stated what everybody knows, that the General government had not liberated a slave, confiscated an acre of land, or killed a rebel, except in self-defense. He concluded his sermon with an appeal for continuing the contest, with all the means in the hands of the people, so that the brave men who have already suffered and died shall have not been sacrificed in vain, and future generations shall not look with pity upon their heroic but futile exertions. Will you allow success to gild with laurels Jeff. Davis, Beauregard, Breckinridge and other traitors, while your patriotic sons, dying for the Union, are crowned only with thorns?

The following, from the Richmond *Examiner* shows the interest which the people in the rebel States take in the coming Presidential contest:

"It is singular to remark that these States have not only a profound interest in that foreign election (though without votes to influence it), but *are exercising a most controlling power in deciding it.* They also are figuring in the Yankee Presidential campaign, after their own manner. If Grant is engineering for Lincoln's reëlection on the Chickahominy and Appomattox, while Sherman is log rolling for him about Atlanta, on the other hand, *we regard Gen. Lee as a pipe-layer for the Democratic Convention in Chicago;* and Gen. Early, it is said, has gone over to *stump the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania for the Peace party.*

THE "CONFEDERATE SPELLING BOOK."—A gentleman of this city informs us that in 1861 a school to which he sent one of his children adopted as one of its text books the "Confederate Spelling Book," and the child was told to get one, the teacher informing her that it could be had at the Methodist Publishing House, where it was printed. She went over to the publishing house and called for a copy. "We have not yet published the work," said the gentleman behind the counter. "It is in press, and will be out in a few days. But, if you are in a hurry about getting a copy, go to Berry's bookstore, and buy 'Webster's Spelling Book.' That has been adopted as the 'Confederate Spelling Book,' and we are printing it with this title." He bought the book of Berry, much amused at the larceny which transformed the production of an inveterate Yankee into a sound *Southern* school book.—*Nashville Union.*

The New York *World* is irritated to the extent of a column of editorial because the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred upon Major-General Butler by a Massachusetts college. The following is the peroration of its rage:

"May the faculty of Williams pass their lives under laws administered by their own doctor! *and when earth resigns him to a warmer and more congenial sphere*, may the dean of their faculty survive to inscribe upon his tomb the simple but touching epitaph:

'Thou hast
Outrun the constable at last!'"

Does the *World* consider such language as this gentlemanly, or does it merely intend it to be witty?—*Phil. Press.*

DANGER OF AN INDIAN WAR.—Information that reaches us from the Western frontier is ominous of a general war with the Indians who inhabit our Territories. The intelligence comes with tenfold horror at the present time in view of the fact that the able-bodied male inhabitants of the frontier have almost universally entered the Federal army, leaving their families and homes entirely unprotected. The most revolting feature of the news is, that these savages are led on and instigated in their bloody work. Fiendish as such a course would be, there is little doubt of its truthfulness, for it has been known for some months that white men have been distributing presents of gold, arms, ammunition, etc., evidently with the expectation of receiving some service in return. It is supposed that these men are acting for the rebel government. The Indians will afford us much trouble, since there are at least 100,000 Indians inhabiting the territory from the Canadas to the Rio Grande.

RARE REBEL JOKES.—The following, from the Brandon *Mississippian*, is remarkably like the language of many Northern papers:

"Old Abe Lincoln's father was noted for his hog-stealing propensities and getting drunk and whipping his wife and little Abe, who ran away from him and engaged as a deck-hand on a steamboat until he raised money enough to open a little cross-roads whiskey shop.

"Andy Johnson's father was several times publicly whipped at a whipping post, and afterwards sent to the penitentiary. Andy could not read or write his own name at the age of twenty-one.

"John C. Fremont is an illegitimate son of a worthless mother.

"John Cochrane is an Irishman, but whether a regular 'bog trotter' or not we are unable to say."

NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILROAD AND COLORED PASSENGERS.—A gentlemen informs us of the following disgraceful incident which took place on the 18th, inst., in the cars of this company, and was the act of one of its officers. Our informant and a friend had come from New Haven by the early train, and as it was nearing Greenwich the water carrier with his can passed through the cars offering the passengers water. The gentleman and his friend each took a glass, and on the next seat a respectable colored man who asked for a glass, which the water-carrier, an Irishman, refused. Hereupon our informant's friend asked for a second glass, as if for himself, and receiving it handed it to the colored man. The Irishman immediately snatched at the glass and spilt the water, declaring amid a torrent of abuse that *it was against his orders to supply "darkies" with water.* He went on through the rest of the cars, and shortly after, returning, was asked by a lady for a glass of water, which he at once supplied, and she handed it to the colored man who this time was allowed to drink without molestation, though evidently to the bearer's intense chagrin. On being asked why he allowed the man to drink this time, he said, of course he could not interfere when it was a lady, but repeated that he had orders not to give a colored man a drink, and was very properly told by the indignant passengers to clear out.—*Tribune.*

Special Notices.

AARON M. POWELL will speak at Canaan, N. Y., on Sunday, August 28th.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES IN MAINE.—ANDREW T. FOSS, an agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will spend a short time in the State of Maine, speaking on the great question of Emancipation, and a Just and Free Union. He will be glad to receive calls to lecture, from any of the Anti-Slavery friends in the State.

His address, for the present, is care of S. Waterhouse, Esq., Ellsworth, Me.,

WM. WELLS BROWN, an agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, also purposes an early visit to the State of Maine, for Anti-Slavery work.

Further particulars to be had from local papers.

Advertisements.

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" 3—Large, for Leather, with rolling foot, etc.,	80

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Its aim and purpose will be to recognise, faithfully record, and in the spirit of Fraternity, to stimulate the World's Progress.

With an abiding faith in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, the conductors of the New Magazine will seek to exercise, through its columns, a wide and genial friendship for all true, social, industrial, educational, philanthropic, and religious movements.

The country abounds in Political Newspapers. We have not a few Scientific, Art, Agricultural and Medical Journals. There are Religious Periodicals for every distinct sect, and papers devoted to single departments of human progress—as for example: Anti-Tobacco, Temperance, Health, Dress, Land and Moral Reform, Anti-Slavery, Spiritual and Human Rights Organs; also, distinctively Literary Papers and Magazines.

Each one of these has its appropriate field of labor, each its own peculiar use. Not one, perhaps, could be spared without loss to the world. Yet there is needed something more—a comprehensive or universal Journal, to which not one or all of these diverse centres of interest and spheres of action shall be inappropriate or unwelcome—a Magazine assuming no special advance position or superior power, but sympathetic and responsive ever to all honest and earnest human efforts for advancement, whether in Government, Science, Art, Mechanics, Literature, Theology, Practical Philanthropy or Spiritual Progress and Reform.

The conductors of THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS believe it possible to publish a Magazine upon this broad and catholic basis, which shall not be unwelcome to any true child of the Universal Father.

In this spirit of Brotherhood, they invite the friendly co operation of *all who love their fellow men.*

While the editors of THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS hope ever to be firm and unyielding in the plain expression of honest convictions, they will seek to remember with sympathy those unblessed by Aspiration, and with charity those unawakened to the principle of Justice. And they pledge their best efforts to preserve the columns of the new Magazine free from private malice or ambition; from aggressive spite and bitterness, and from narrow partisanship.

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(Opposite Pay Department.)

Miscellaneous Department.

CHANGE.

We lay our loved within earth's prisoning mould,
And when we see the grasses growing green
Between us and the faces that we love,
Above sweet eyes that once looked love to ours,
We call it sorrow. Call it sorrow, though
Ministering months do tend our sleepers well;
Mellifluous Spring through tender throated leaves
Rains round her melodies to lull their rest;
And Summer, mid her carnival of bloom,
Drops tears of dew upon their tired brows;
And Autumn, all-forgetting to be sear,
More pied with splendor than the banished June,
Scatters her jewels on each discrown'd head.
The beryl leaves, bossed on her blazoned vest,
Are crimson stained, as if her heart had bled,
And grief's red wound to all the world lay bare.
Then Winter softly in her hooded snows
Folds every darling. Tenderly we grieve
When earth takes back into her kindly arms
Her weary children. When the gentle Christ
Folds on His bosom souls He died for once;
Ah, when from this world's bitter blight and cold
Our lambs are taken, ever more to roam
In greener pastures, in the upper fold,
'Tis not life's saddest sorrow, albeit we cry,
And blame the Shepherd that He lov'd his own.

To be life's soul and beauty to a friend,
To fill the measure of one spirit's need,
Till all love's light and joyance flows from you—
The might to do life's work, to bear life's ill,
Springs from the inspiration in your eyes,
And from the "God speed" of your loving voice,
Low-tuned to tremulous tenderness. Alas!
To be life's soul and beauty unto one,
That Change at last may build a wall between
You and your idol. Looking down on you,
With calm, cold, cruel eyes, with taunting tone,
Slow uttering in the silence o'er and o'er,
"Your friend will never need you any more,
Nor ever, ever need you any more,"—
This is the saddest thing in life to me.

I read one day ('twas in a quaint old book)
That every friendship, like an ancient glove,
Doth grow ungainly, waxing loose at last,
And finally wears out. We fling it by,
And flaunt another, suiting newer need.
So shall I pull the drawer of memory out,
And toss old names about, as oft old gloves?
Half mildew'd, marr'd, with gaping rent distraught,
Yet sweet with rosemary whose breath they stole
In virgin days to make the springtide air
Full fraught with fragrance when they went with me?
Yet I forgetful, aye, ungrateful, say,—
With scornful touch and toss: "Ah, yes, old gloves,
You're all worn out, you're soil'd, yet sooth, I fain
Would find a pair, though with you cast away,
To suit my need upon a rainy day."
Thus search your names for sordid use, O friends,
Thus like a garment seared, sore-worn, toss'd by,
I fling you up and down my careless way.
Nay, nay! I hold your thought religiously,
I count your names a rosary in my prayer,
War, distance, time, nor even dire distrust,
Can change for me the faces that I love.

This hour the twilight purples stain the hills,
Which bear above the walls of primrose light,
That shut from sight the Paradise beyond.
The tide of memory is setting in,
And flowing down below those gleaming gates;
'Tis freighted well with treasure. Aye, I see
Face after face grow in the water calm.
A knot of faded flowers, a casket full
Of little kindnesses, comes drifting on.
A ripple of low sound breaks on the wave,
The lingering echo of remembered speech.
The cadences of most melodious song
Thrill through the silence of the past, mine own!
O, absent, unforgotten! if mine once,
Mine always. Though no real, sigh'd-for tone
Pierces the stillness. Though I sit alone,
And leaning back, glean all the helpful words
And scattered joys that I dropped yesterday.
And though I'm fain to fill the gloaming void
With loving memories of your dear eyes;
Though never any more, day after day,
Your smile's soft sunshine may light all my soul,
Your words ring tender welcomes when I come;
Though time may rob me, till it dies at last,
Love's golden iterance: "We love you," aye,
"We need you always." Shall I sadly cry:
"The love I lived for hath slipped far from me,
Because it is not, it hath never been?"
Nay, still I'll count you holily my own;
Not mine to hold through lure of voice, or eye,
Nor spell of presence, nor the quick, low thrill
Of eager meeting, slow receding hands,
Nor sacred seal of holy lip on lip.
Not mine to have, to bless, to lean on long,
Yet through the everlasting years mine own,
To love, to pray for, to remember still!
To lift each name into the oriflamb
Of God's own love—to say: "Lord, love my friends
And let me love them in Thy purer world."

MARY CLEMMER AMES.

—*Springfield Republican.*

THE WANTON DESTRUCTION OF INSECTS.

A WANTON destruction of insects, simply because they are insects, without question as to their habits, without inquiry as to their mischievousness, for no other reason than that wherever we see an insect we are accustomed to destroy it, is wrong. We have no right to seek their destruction if they be harmless. And yet, we rear our children without any conscience, and without any instruction whatever toward these weaker creatures in God's world. Our only thought of an insect is that it is something to be broomed or trod on. There is a vague idea that naturalists sometimes pin them to the wall, for some reason that they probably know; but that there is any right, or rule, or law that binds us toward God's minor creatures, scarcely enters into our conception.

A spider in our dwelling is out of place, and the broom is a sceptre that rightly sweeps him away: but in the pasture, where he belongs, and you do not; where he is of no inconvenience, and does no mischief; where his webs are but tables spread for his own food; where he follows his own instincts in catching insects for his livelihood, as you do yours in destroying everything, almost, that lives, for your livelihood—why should you destroy him there, in his brief hour of happiness? And yet, wherever you see a spider, "Hit him" is the law of life.

Upturn a stone in the field. You shall find a city unawares. Dwelling together in peace are a score of different insects. Worms draw in their nimble heads from the dazzling light. Swift shoot shining black bugs back to their covert. Ants swarm with feverish agility, and bear away their eggs. Now sit quietly down and watch the enginery and economy that are laid open to your view. Trace the canals or highways through which their traffic has been carried. See what strange conditions of life are going on before you. Feel, at last, sympathy for something that is not a reflection of yourself. Learn to be interested without egotism. But no, the first impulse of rational men, educated to despise insects and God's minor works, is to seek another stone, and, with kindled eye, pound these thoroughfares of harmless insect life until all is utterly destroyed. And if we leave them and go our way, we have a sort of lingering sense that we have fallen somewhat short of our duty. The most universal and the most unreasoning destroyer is man, who symbolizes death better than any other thing.

I, too, learned this murderous pleasure in my boyhood. Through long years I have tried to train myself out of it; and at last I have unlearned it. I love, in Summer, to seek the solitary hillside—that is less solitary than even the crowded city—and, waiting till my intrusion has ceased to alarm, watch the wonderful ways of life which a kind God has poured abroad with such profusion. And I am not ashamed to confess that the leaves of that great book of revelation which God opens every morning, and spreads in the valleys, on the hills, and in the forests, is rich with marvelous lessons that I could read nowhere else. And often things have taught me what words had failed to teach. Yea, the words of revelation have themselves been interpreted to my understanding by the things that I have seen in the solitudes of populous nature. I love to feel my relation to every part of animated nature. I try to go back to that simplicity of paradise in which man walked, to be sure, at the head of the animal kingdom, but not bloody, desperate, cruel, crushing whatever was not useful to him. I love to feel that my relationship to God gives me a right to look sympathetically upon all that God nourishes. In his bitterness, Job declared, "I have said to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister." We may not say this; but I surely say to all living things in God's creation, "I am your elder brother, and the almoner of God's bounty to you. Being his son, I, too, have a right to look with beneficence upon your little lives, even as the greater Father does."

A wanton disregard of life and happiness toward the insect kingdom tends to produce carelessness of the happiness of animal life everywhere. I do not mean to say that a man who would needlessly crush a fly would therefore slay a man; but I do mean to say that that moral constitution out of which springs kindness is hindered by that which wantonly destroys happiness anywhere. Men make the beasts of burden that minister to life and comfort the objects, frequently, of attention that distresses them, or of neglect that is more cruel. And I hold that a man who wantonly would destroy insect life, or would destroy the comfort of the animal that serves him, is prepared to be inhuman toward the lower forms of human life. The inhumanity of man to animals has become shocking. I propose, ere long, a serious dissuasion from cruelty to animals. I scarcely pass through the streets of Brooklyn or New York, that I do not behold monstrous and wanton cruelty. There are things done to animals that should send a man to prison every day of our lives. And it is high time that there should be associations formed here to maintain decency and kindness toward the brute creation, as there have been formed in Paris, and London, and almost all civilized countries, except our own. Cruelty to animals tends to cruelty to men. The fact is that all those invasions of life and happiness which are educating men to an indulgence of their passions, to a disregard of God's work, to a low and base view of creation, to a love of destructiveness, and to a disposition that carries with it cruelty and suffering, and that is hindered from breaking out only by fear and selfishness, lead to a disregard of labor and the laborer. The nature which they beget will catch man in his sharp necessities, and mercilessly coerce him to the benefit of the strong and the spoiling of the weak. And it is the interest of the poor man, and the oppressed man, that there should be a Christianity that should teach men to regard the whole animated kingdom below themselves as God's kingdom, and as having rights—minor and lower rights, but *rights*—before God and before man.—*H. W. Beecher, Sermon in The Independent.*

THE SEVEN-THIRTIES—WHAT ARE THEY?

We trust that a large portion of our readers have pondered the appeal of Mr. Fessenden, our new Secretary of the Treasury. The purport of it is that the people of the United States, acting as a body through their agent the government, wish individuals to lend them two hundred millions of dollars for three years, at seven and three-tenths per cent. annual interest, payable every six months. For this they offer treasury notes—that is, in reality, notes drawn and endorsed by every man in the country. The loan is wanted for a great national purpose, to effect which every man, unless he be a traitor at heart, if not in act, is solemnly pledged.

The appeal is addressed not merely to a few great capitalists, but also to the many whose aggregate means constitute the mass of the wealth of the land. The notes upon which this loan is asked are from $50 upward. Every man who has fifty dollars can take part in this loan. Apart from patriotism and the duty which all owe to their country, no investment is so desirable as this.

It is secure. Every dollar of every man's property is pledged for the punctual payment of the interest, and of the debt when due. The security is increasing in value. For some years before the war we were earning 1,000 millions a year more than we spent. During the three years of the war, owing to the high prices and constant demand for labor, we have earned more than ever before. No man who could or would work has been idle; and, except for the war, we have spent less than before. The total valuation of the property of the United States, according to the census of 1860, was $16,159,000,000, of which $10,957,448,956 was in the loyal States. This valuation, according to the usual rule of assessment, was not more than two-thirds of the actual cash value of the property. The increase of property in the loyal States during the last ten years was over 126 per cent., or an average of 12 6-10 per cent. per annum. In the three years of the war we of the United States have certainly earned 3,000 millions more than we have spent apart from the war. The cost of the war may be set down at 2,000 millions. Deducting this from our net earnings, the people who are security for this loan are 1,000 millions richer to-day than they were when the war broke out.

No other investment can be so easily convertible. The man who has a treasury note for $50, or $100, or $1,000, can turn it into money more readily, and upon better terms, than if it were invested upon bond and mortgage, or in railroad stocks.

The interest offered is higher than can be realized from any other safe and convertible investment. It is, moreover, readily collectable when due. To each note are affixed five "coupons," or interest tickets, due at the expiration of each successive half-year. The holder of a note has simply to cut off one of these coupons, present it at the nearest bank or government agency, and receive his interest; the note itself need not be presented at all. Or a coupon thus payable will everywhere be equivalent, when due, to money.

Thus, while this loan presents great advantages to large capitalists, it offers special inducements to those who wish to make a safe and profitable investment of small savings. It is in every way the best savings' bank; for every institution of this kind must somehow invest its deposits profitably in order to pay interest and expenses. They will invest largely in this loan, as the best investment. But from the gross interest which they receive they must deduct largely for the expenses of the bank. Their usual rate of interest allowed to depositors is 5 per cent. upon sums over $500. The person who invests directly with government will receive almost 50 per cent. more. Thus the man who deposits $1,000 in a private savings' bank receives 50 dollars a year interest; if he deposits the same sum in this national savings' bank he receives 73 dollars. For those who wish to find a safe, convenient and profitable means of investing the surplus earnings which they have reserved for their old age or for the benefit of their children, there is nothing which presents so many advantages as this national loan.

It is convertible into a six per cent. gold-bearing bond. At the expiration of three years a holder of the notes of the 7-30 loan has the option of accepting payment in full or of funding his notes in a six per cent. gold interest bond, the principle payable in not less than five nor more than twenty years from its date as the government may elect. For six months past, these bonds have ranged at an average premium of about eight per cent. in the New York market, and have sold at 109 to-day (Aug. 12th), thus making the real rate of interest over ten per cent.; and besides, to make the inducement even greater, Congress by special act exempts its Treasury notes from State and municipal taxation. Could Shylock ask more? Was patriotism ever so liberally rewarded?—*Harper's Magazine.*

HOW TO MAKE BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

The greater part of our population are waiting till they can afford to have pleasant homes, forgetting that they can at no time afford to have any other. We take the color of our daily surroundings, and are happier, more amiable, stronger to labor and firmer to endure, when those surroundings are pleasing and in good taste. To possess these important qualities they need not be expensive. True beauty is cheaper than we think. The first charm of a home, within and without, is thorough neatness, and this is the result of habit, not outlay. It is often cheaper than filth. Paint the house if you can; if not, whitewash; but in any case let it be in thorough repair. Let there be no loose shingles or dangling clapboards or gate hanging by a broken hinge. These hints favor thrift as well as taste. Let the house be sufficiently shaded. This will pay in comfort, wear of furniture and lack of flies. If you cannot afford green blinds, you can always afford a green tree or two, that costs nothing but labor and patience, and will shelter you from the sun in Summer and the wind in Winter.

Plant vines of some kind about your premises; they are indispensable to grace; they show that nature takes kindly to your home and has thrown her arm round it. You need not resort to costly climbers; woodbine and clematis may be had for the gathering, and grapes and hop-vines may be so trained as to combine beauty and profit. Let your turf be smooth and firm as velvet, and enforce the death penalty upon weeds with an unsparing hand. No man, rich or poor, can afford to raise weeds. They choose the richest spots, where flowers, or fruit, or vegetables might grow, and send abroad their seeds as missionaries of evil into every nook and corner. Ill-kept places always have their vegetable five points, where sin and misery are mimicked in pigweed, burdock and nettles. A very few flowers will suffice; a monthly rose in the window, a morning-glory over the doorway, a bright border between your kitchen garden and the street; these add to the picture just those touches of color that make it pleasant to the eye. With half a dozen cheap and common kinds, your wife will take care that something is always in bloom.

But flowers are gross feeders, and if you keep no domestic animals, you fancy, perhaps, that you have no manure. You never were more mistaken. Every human dwelling is a center of fertilizing agents, mostly wasted as times go, rich enough to make the whole plot around it blossom as the rose. Tell the soil that you have nothing to give it! Give it what you have and it will laugh in your face. The suds from the laundry is a store of liquid wealth. Never waste a drop of it in drains or sewers. It is a floating currency promising to pay roundly in grass and vegetables and fruit. Invest it in your home bank, which never suspends payment. These grassy slopes are greenbacks whose issue is as good as gold. Carpet sweepings are manure in a concentrated form. Dug into your flower borders they weave a richer pattern than the one from which they were worn. Those old bones that deform the premises, if buried beneath the grape vine, will be "health to the bones" of all your friends. Old boots and shoes, those most unsightly wrecks, are the favorite food of the raspberry and all its palatable kin. Tainted brine, if such unhappily is yours, is a treasure for the plum trees and the asparagus bed; slacken lime with it, and it will make a rich dressing for any garden soil. Every household should have its compost bed, be it only an old packing-box, where woolen rags, bits of paper, apple parings, refuse of vegetables, slops from the kitchen, chips and saw-dust are storing up the elements of a glorious growth. Let not yours be one of the homes where all these bright possibilities arrive only at "burning instead of beauty." We have named but a part of the fertilizers of every household. Generally speaking, whatever is offensive to the sight or smell is urging the appeal to our revolted tastes—Bury me, and I'll do you good.—*Springfield Republican.*

MY KINGDOM.

BY ELLEN C. HOWARTH.

I sit alone in the gathering gloom,
And wave my sceptre, a fairy wand,
And lo! in an instant my little room
Is changed to a kingdom grand.
There are palace walls,
And stately halls,
And a crowd of kneeling subjects near;
And a royal crown on my brown hair falls,
For I am a monarch here.

I wave my wand, and the ages rise,
Like the dreams of youth, on the morning air,
And all that is beautiful, great or wise,
Is borne to my kingdom fair;
And the wisdom page
Of the Pagan sage,
And the Druid priest with his mystic lore,
And the relics of former age,
Are found on the earth once more.

I wave my wand, and the Indian isles
Have brought their treasures to deck my throne;
For I rule where eternal summer smiles,
And where winter was never known.
And the sanguine sports
Of the savage courts,
Like a panorama's page I see;
Kings, castles and kingdoms, fields and forts,
Are called and they come to me.

I wave my wand, and a glorious band
Of warrior youths to my presence spring;
And rich are the gifts from the Holy Land
Those mailed crusaders bring.
They are jewels rare,
That a queen might wear,
And regal robes of texture fine;
But one gift most dear those warriors bear
From the plains of Palestine.

I wave my wand and a thousand lyres
Wake in my halls, and the dead bards sing;
But where is the voice that my soul inspires,
Like the voice of the poet king?
Solemn and grand
Doth the monarch stand,
And his mournful *miserere* pour:
My tears flow fast, I have dropped my wand,
I awake and my reign is o'er.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

To the Editors of The Evening Post.

One morning, during a recitation in geography in our school, the boys were asked, "What is the government of the country we are speaking of?"

"A monarchy."

"What is the government of our own country?"

"A republic."

"What is the government of our school?"

"A republic."

"No."

"What is it then, sir?"

"A limited monarchy."

"Why! we are not your subjects, sir?"

"Yes, you are. Your parents have delegated to me certain powers, and you must obey my orders as long as they see fit to leave you here."

"Well, sir, but we don't like to be any one's subjects; we prefer to be republicans."

"Do you think yourselves capable of self-government?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I have no objections to trying you; but we must go by degrees. I will try for one hour first."

"What, sir; wont you mark us at all for anything we do?"

"No; always provided that you do not disturb the business of the school, for that must go on."

"Very well, sir."

We tried it for an hour, then for two hours, then for a day, then for a week. At the end of the week I told them I was very much gratified with their power of self-government, and proposed, as a reward, that we should go on Tuesday afternoon to the Harpers' book-printing establishment; but alas! on Monday they received two warnings, and were told that a third disturbance would cause the downfall of their republic. The warning was not heeded; a third came, crash went the republic, and the old monarchy rose upon its ruins.

The contrast was disagreeable. The free republican of a moment ago, who had been "a law unto himself," was a subject "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined," his incomings and his outgoings noted, and all his shortcomings carefully marked.

One bright, open-faced youngster soon came up, however, and said: "Mr. M——, it isn't fair to expect so much of us on Monday, because it comes right after Saturday and Sunday, and it takes us some time to get into the school-ways again."

"Then you are not to be considered as capable of self-government unless you can resist the influences of Monday as well as all the other days."

"Yes, sir."

We tried again. They succeeded in governing themselves for the rest of the week and the Monday following. We went to the Harpers' establishment and enjoyed it. Then, however, graver questions arose.

If the boys were to govern themselves entirely they must decide about everything, but the lessons must be learned and recited, order must be kept, and the school work must go on. To satisfy these different ideas it was agreed that the teacher should be just as absolute as before; that the boys should be marked for conduct and lessons as before; prompt obedience should be required, and no discussions allowed during school time; but, at recess or after school, any boy could appeal from any one of the teachers' decisions to a jury of three boys, one chosen by himself, one by the teacher, and a thrid by these two; and from the decision of this jury there should be no appeal.

This seemed a hazardous experiment, and it was so. Their virtue was not strong enough at first to resist the temptation. The troublesome boys appealed to have their conduct marks cancelled, and the lazy boys to have their recitation marks increased. Their comrades on the juries obeyed their fellow-feeling rather than their sense of justice. I protested against many of the decisions as outrageously unjust, and warned them that continued injustice would necessarily produce the downfall of their republic. I submitted, however, to all the decisions of the juries, waiting patiently for the tide to turn; and it did so. I had previously prepared their minds for this state of things by conversations, the drift of which they had not perceived. Their own consciences whispered to them of their own injustice to one who submitted while he protested, and the industrious boys began to see that the lazy fellows were getting just as high marks as they were, without the trouble of working for them. All these causes combined to turn the tide. My patient submission to unjust decisions was rewarded.

When the culprits grumbled at the jurymen who decided against them, I could say to them with unction, "Protest if you choose, but you must submit as I did."

Our experiment succeeded, and for six years our school has been thus governed. There is an appeal from every teacher to the principal, and an appeal from him to three jurymen or judges, as they are more commonly called. It has proved an admirable method of training the boys' judgments, and in all cases where partiality was charged, it has proved a specific, for, when a boy is also condemned by his comrades, all such charges fall to the ground.

Some very droll scenes have occurred at these trials, and some curious developments of character have been made.

The general result for six years has been good; and I can cordially recommend this method of school government to all who care to try it, cautioning them at the same time that very careful handling is requisite to insure success.

J. M. M.

A REMARKABLE COURTSHIP.

[Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler gives the following account of a remarkable courtship that took place in Northampton, in 1696:]

Among the amusing reminiscences of those days is the famous courtship of Rev. Stephen Mix of Weathersfield. He made a journey to Northampton in 1696, in search of a wife. He arrived at Rev. Solomon Stoddard's, informed him of the object of his visit, and that the pressure of home duties required the utmost dispatch. Mr. Stoddard took him into the room where his daughters were, and introduced him to Mary, Esther, Christiana, Sarah, Rebecca and Hannah, and then retired. Mr. Mix, addressing Mary, the eldest daughter, said he had lately been settled at Weathersfield, and was desirous of obtaining a wife, and concluded by offering her his heart and hand. She blushingly replied that so important a proposition required time for consideration. He rejoined that he was pleased that she asked for suitable time for reflection, and that in order to afford her the needed opportunity to think of his proposal, he would step into the next room and smoke a pipe with her father, and she could report to him. Having smoked his pipe, and sent a message to Miss Mary that he was ready for her answer, she came in and asked for further time for consideration. He replied that she could reflect still longer on the subject, and send her answer, by letter, to Weathersfield. In a few weeks he received her reply, which is probably the most laconic epistle ever penned. Here is the model letter, which was soon followed by a wedding:

NORTHAMPTON, 1696.

REV. STEPHEN MIX: Yes. MARY STODDARD.

The matrimonial Mix-ture took place on the 1st of December, 1696, and proved to be compounded of most congenial elements. Mix was pastor of that paradise of *onions* for 44 years.

GARIBALDI AT ISCHIA.

We have already published extracts from the English papers about the occupations of Garibaldi at Ischia. The correspondent of the London *Athenæum* funishes these additional details:

"Let me describe the Belle Vue Hotel, where Garibaldi is staying, and which is really now the Sanctuary of the South, the House of Loreto, the great object of pilgrimage to many thousands. On the top of a volcanic mountain it stands, and with such a view! Over the entrance-gate waves a flag, with the cross of Savoy in the centre, and there is a motly crowd peeping in at the Gates of Paradise. You are challenged by a sentinel of the National Guard, for though Garibaldi refused it, and the government more than insinuated its displeasure, the Nationals will serve their liberator or resign. Once that you have passed this Cerberus in uniform, you traverse a vine-trellised avenue, through the leaves and hanging grapes of which you look down on volcanic irregular patches and rocks, all covered over with the vine, the pomegranate and the olive, until the eye reposes on the bright blue sea. At the extremity of this bewitching avenue comes another gate, and again you are challenged, but with some pass-word you are admitted into the Holy of Holies, and here you meet with the faithful red-shirts who have followed their General through every danger, and sacrificed everything in life for him. Guerzoni, his secretary; Basile and Albanese, his medical men; and Bassi and Fazzari, and others; while centres of little groups are Menotti and Ricciotti. Last of the series of rooms which open out on this wonderfully-beautiful Loggia, is that which is occupied by Garibaldi. He is reposing after his bath, and his faithful Guard, one of whom never leaves him, holds up a finger to impose silence; so we all move to a pretty, circular and covered look-out, hanging over the sea, and talk over Marsala, Palermo and Aspromonte, and dream dreams of the future. For the last five or six days the General has been a prisoner, unable to put his foot—not the wounded one—to the ground, or to use his hand, or scarcely to speak. Such have been the effects of the strong mineral waters, and dire has been the disappointment to crowds of persons who have flocked over this week from Naples and the distant provinces and Sicily to see him. A thousand a day have been turned off, and it would be difficult to describe their pain and sorrow. During the first days of the General's residence here the concourse was even greater, and the ecstacy of delight which was manifested by his visitors was marvellous. Women threw themselves on his neck and kissed him in the most impassioned manner, and so did men as well, and then, overcome by their feelings, wept like children. Babies in arms were hoisted aloft that they might look on the man who had liberated them, and boast in after years that they had seen Garibaldi. One lady, in passing through his room, stole a stocking, and another an old red shirt, and holding them aloft in triumph, published their petty larceny; at which the General laughed, and 'supposed he should be left at last without a shirt.'

"The anecdotes, touching and ludicrous, which might be narrated, are innumerable. Some of those who were unwillingly turned back this week begged that they might at least see Menotti or Ricciotti—any one of the blessed race whom God himself had sent to save them; whilst others called him the Light of God blessing the poor! All, however, that I could relate would only multiply the proofs that the love for Garibaldi is no passing love; it has entered into the very life of the Italians; and that in every movement which yet remains to be made Garibaldi will exercise an influence which a prudent government will do well to conciliate and make its own. Of course, we have had many displays of enthusiasm which, for scenic and poetic effect, were very beautiful—as, for instance, a serenade and an illumination last Saturday evening. Imagine a calm Summer night, when the gold of the west has faded into violet and the violet into a deeper color, and darkness is coming down; there is a rustling amongst the vines which surround the house, and which run from terrace to terrace to the sea; perhaps it is the land breeze now springing up—but no, in a moment blue lights are streaming up through the abundant vegetation, and throughout the whole vine-clad amphitheatre; and when their light has faded, men are dimly seen on trees and poles, holding aloft their blazing torches, and voices are heard in the stillness of the night, shouting 'Viva Garibaldi!' and music, sweet music, completes the enchantment with its delicious influence. Such a scene where can we witness but in the South? and where, even there, except under the influence of such a power as that which now holds every heart?

"The most enthusiastic of Garibaldi's worshippers is Mrs. Fred. West, who has taken all the apartments above the General, in order to exclude obnoxious visitors, and there stands sentinel, without relief of guard. Perhaps no one possesses better materials for completing a history of the General, as I believe she has collected every scrap that has ever been published about him, and what to the curious would be interesting, every photograph that has ever been taken of him, besides innumerable other reminiscences which adoration alone would gather together.

"In his general health Garibaldi appears to me to be as strong and hale as he was in 1860. There are two red spots in his cheek which indicate suffering, and which are increased by the excitement occasioned by the subject on which he conversed; but at my first interview there was apparently the same vigor of body and of mind I have ever marked. A more speaking or a more transparent face surely never mortal man possessed; like the still, waving, lake-like scene beneath, the slightest breeze that touches dimples it; and it is to this varying expression, reflecting the very soul beneath, that is to be attributed the ineffable charm which he exerts over every one. 'From my windows,' he said, 'I can see Maddaloni and Caprera,' the scene of his last efforts in 1860; 'and on a fine day,' some one observed, 'you may see the cupola of St. Peter's.' On what followed let us keep silence.

"Of course there is special reason for visiting Ischia at present, and those who seek the mineral baths will always find a peculiar attraction here. Of its wonderful vegetation and its beautiful scenery I have already spoken; to this I may add that the hotels are very good, clean, but undoubtedly dear. All must be struck with its magnificent and picturesque scenery, and many would prefer it to any other of the *villeggiature* about Naples for the greater accommodation which it possesses."

ETHAN ALLEN.

A few days ago, I went into the shop of "Henry A. Mitchell, practical silversmith," No. 11 West street—a very good place of resort, for all who want their ice-pitchers, or jewelry, skilfully repaired. While there, Mr. Mitchell showed me a large, old-fashioned, silver watch case, deeply engraved, on the back, outside, as follows:

PROPERTY OF
ETHAN ALLEN
TICONDEROGA,
1776.

Upon my inquiry, Mr. Mitchell said he bought it of a Jew, as part of a parcel of old silver. I have no doubt it was the case of Ethan's time-keeper; and, as such, it is an interesting relic. This inscription was prepared, probably, by one of Ethan Allen's descendants, or friends, into whose possession the article came. If it was intended to convey the idea that Ticonderoga was captured in 1776, the inscriber has fallen into an anachronism—the capture took place May 10, 1775. The commander of the fortress, De la Place, was asleep. Ethan demanded a surrender; and, when asked by whose authority, replied: "By the authority of the Great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress." In September, 1775, he was taken prisoner, and sent to England, in irons.

An amusing story has been told of his interview with George III. The King, hearing that the captor of Ticonderoga was confined in one of the prison ships, and that he was a man of mark and influence in the colonies, resolved to make trial of his constancy. Accordingly he had him brought into his presence, set before him the absurdity and infallible overthrow of the rebellion, the irresistible power of the mother country, etc. "Colonel Allen," said the King, "if you will go home, and, like a loyal subject, use your influence there, to bring my rebellious children to a sense of their wickedness and folly, after talking with the Privy Council, I have decided to make you a present of ten thousand acres of valuable land in the colonies."

"Your Majesty is very liberal," said Ethan Allen. "Your Majesty reminds me of a dark-complexioned personage, who took our blessed Master up into a high place, and promised him all the kingdoms of the earth if he would fall down and worship him—but the old scoundrel owned no more of the kingdoms of the earth than your Majesty owns of the colonies."

Ethan Allen was born in 1738. He was therefore thirty-seven years old when he captured Ticonderoga, in 1775. He died of apoplexy in 1789, at the age of fifty-one.—Sigma.—*Boston Transcript.*

Clouds of Song Birds.—One unaccountable phenomenon of 1864 (says a San Francisco paper) has been the immense multitude of song birds which have been driven upon the cultivated lands of California during the month of May. In the southern counties thousands upon thousands of robbins, linnets, thrushes, canaries, orioles, humming-birds, finches, blackbirds, magpies, sparrows, etc., have swarmed round houses and gardens, destroying the fruit and vegetables, and then dropping dead near wells and pools of water. The mortality among them has been most extraordinary, and is supposed to have been caused by their being driven from the mountains by the April storms of cold, when, not finding food in the valleys and lowlands, they are killed by the hot wind, hunger and drouth. When picked up, sometimes ten and twenty in a lump, they are completely starved and fleshless, being often chased down by boys and cats, and expiring in weak twittles, mournful to the sympathies of the little people, who lay them in their graves.

ENCOURAGING EPISTLE.

PETERBORO, Aug. 1, 1864.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison—*My Dear Friend:* I see by its last number that the discontinuance of the *Liberator* "is not an improbable event." Certain it is that it would be an event disgraceful to Abolitionists and calamitous to the public interests, and warmly therefore do I hope that it will be prevented. To this end, a thousand dollars should be sent to you without delay. Enclosed are two hundred of the thousand.

I am very sorry to see that, because it favors the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln, some of its old patrons are giving up the *Liberator*. They are unreasonable. It is no crime to vote for him. All of us should be eager to vote for him, if voting for him instead of another shall seem most likely to keep a disloyal man out of the Presidency.

During the rebellion, I have been nothing but an anti-rebellion man. Deeply do I regret this premature agitation of the Presidential question. Faithfully, however feebly and unsuccessfully, did I labor to prevent it. I believed it to be fraught with very great peril to our beloved country. For one, I am too much absorbed with the purpose of putting down the rebellion to consider, ere it be absolutely necessary to do so, whom I ought to vote for. I am an Abolitionist—so rigid a one, that in time of peace I vote for none but an Abolitionist. But, during the rebellion, I vote for the man, call him Abolitionist or anti-Abolitionist, who will do all he can to suppress the rebellion. I leave Abolition to gain what it may or lose what it must from such oppression. I am well aware that, by this course, I have lost the confidence of many Abolitionists. Their philosophy differs widely from mine.

Let me here say, that I regard any one as disloyal who would yield up any portion of our one, indivisible country to the guilty men who, without the slightest justification for making war, or even the slightest cause for any complaint, unless it be for our having spoiled them by indulgence, have by force and arms undertaken to rob us of a portion of it. And let me add, that I regard every one as disloyal who would let off these guiltiest of all robbers on any lower or other terms than their unconditional surrender. Mr. Lincoln is an honest, able and patriotic man; but he falls into a great mistake when he proposes to make something else than such surrender the basis for peace negotiations with the rebels. The true order is—1st, their unconditional surrender; 2d, cautious concessions to them if they are still impenitent; 3d, an abundance of mercy, brotherly kindness and liberality to them if they are penitent.

With equally warm regards for you, whether you shall go for Lincoln or for some other loyal man, and with equally warm regards for Wendell Phillips, whether he shall go for Fremont or for some other loyal man, knowing that you will both mean to go most effectively against the rebels,

I remain, your and his friend, GERRIT SMITH.

PRE-HISTORIC EVIDENCES OF MAN.

Some years ago interesting discoveries of human remains were made in caves in the South-western part of France, and the British Parliament has appropriated £1,000 to purchase one of these caves, to be placed under charge of Professor Owen on behalf of the British Museum. The Manchester *Guardian* gives the following particulars about these caves and their contents:

"The locality of the caves is the department of Dordogne, in the province of Perigord. It is chiefly on the banks of tributaries of the river Dordogne (which reaches the sea a little north of Bordeaux) that the caverns are found. In the valley of the Vezere, one of the principal of these tributaries, are several caverns, one of which, that of Eyzies, was bought last year by Messrs. E. Lartet and H. Christy, two eminent geologists. These gentlemen divided the floor of the cave into compartments, and, with a generosity worthy of all praise, they have sent specimens of the blocks thus obtained to the principal museums in Europe and elsewhere. In this way Mr. Plant received, about a fortnight ago, for the Salford Royal Museum, a slab weighing about five hundred weight. It was broken in the journey into two parts, each of which has been mounted under a glass shade. The shaking it had received on the way rubbed off a quantity of *débris* weighing about twenty pounds, and this Mr. Plant has carefully washed and sifted, and separated atom from atom. His patience has been fully rewarded, as he has found articles of the deepest interest. Before entering into details it may be well to say that by far the largest number of bones found in the caverns of Perigord are those of the reindeer, an animal which has not been known within the historic period South of the Northern shores of the Baltic. It is impossible even to approximate to the antiquity of an age so remote; but Sir Charles Lyell, in his 'Antiquity of Man,' estimates that the cave-dwellers, tokens of whose manners of life we are about to describe, flourished not less than from ten to fifteen thousand years ago. These tokens consist of a compact mass of earth, charcoal, flint weapons and tools, bones, needles, etc., which have been hardened into a solid agglomerate, chiefly by the action of the calcareous droppings from the roof of the cave. This agglomerate, or breccia, as it is technically styled, has formed an artificial floor to the cave of various thicknesses, from three inches to ten inches. The practice of the ancient inhabitants of throwing down the bones and other remnants of their feasts upon the floor of the cave in which they continued to dwell, receives illustration from the description given by the Danish missionary of the last century, Hans Egede, of the habits of the Esquimaux. He says their huts were veritable charnel-houses, heaped up with fat and the raw flesh of mammals and fish, which, together with the remains of former feasts, created a smell which a European could not endure, but which did not incommode a native in the least.

"At some period subsequent to the human occupancy of the cavern, a flood has rushed through it, bringing in its course, and leaving in the cave, a number of boulder stones. These have been fixed to the artificial floor of breccia by the slow but unfailing mason—the droppings from the chalk strata overhead."

The articles in the Salford Museum include flint knives, bone needles, broken teeth, and similar objects. The conclusion deduced from the exploration of these caves is that a human race inhabited the caves in the region since called Perigord at the same time as the reindeer, the auroch, and other animals which are now only found in extreme latitudes; that this people had no knowledge of the use of metals, their only arms and tools being either of broken and unpolished flints, or of bones or horns of animals; that they lived upon the produce of the chase and by fishing; that they had no domesticated animal, neither dog nor cat, else some portions of the bones and sinews that have been found would have been eaten, and some remains of the dog would have been discovered; and that they were clothed in skins, which were sewn with bone needles and string made out of the sinews and tendons of the legs of their prey.—*Evening Post.*

THE ANTIQUITIES OF GERMANY.

Discoveries are frequently made in the Swiss and German lakes of old buildings and utensils. The London *Athenæum* says:

"Further accounts are given, in the Bavarian *Gazette*, of the discoveries of lake-houses in Starnberg. Prof. Wagner declares that the pile-buildings date from the Bronze age—not the Age of Bronze of Byron, but the one which preceded the Celto-Germanic Iron age. The hypothesis of Prof. Desor, that they belong to the Stone age, has not been confirmed by the discovery of any arms or implements of firestone or serpentine, though a bone knife-handle which has been found is stated to be identical with the bone handles of firestone knives found in the Lake of Neufchatel, and on the island itself, in laying the foundations of a building, a spear-head of firestone was discovered. It would therefore seem that two or three periods are represented by the lake-houses of Starnberg. Similar discoveries have been made in the Chiemsee, in the lake of Seon, which lies a little to the North of the Chiemsee and has an especial interest for English readers, as the opening scenes of 'The Initials' are laid there, and in the Ammersee, which is fed by the stream of the Ammergau of the passion-plays. But in none of these lakes has there been as yet any great haul of antiquities, though, perhaps, the later Autumn months, when the water is lower and clearer, may be more favorable. The work of dredging goes on but slowly, and much time elapsed before many of the curiosities found in the Swiss lakes saw the light. Bones and potsherds, the 'kitchen-stuff' of the old inhabitants of the lake-houses, have generally been the first to appear; in one lake, large piles, evidently worked with iron, and forming the remains of a bridge from the mainland to an island, seemed to belong to the time of the Romans."

SAVE YOUR OLD NEWSPAPERS.

Paper stock dealers pay eight cents a pound for old newspapers in good condition; the material can be made over into white printing paper, and the greater the supply the less will be the increase in the price of the new sheet. *Wilks's Spirit* says on this point:

"In Europe a hotel or housekeeper never thinks of destroying a newspaper, or of using it for kindling purposes. All over the continent and in England cheap little bundles of sticks (two or three for a penny), with the ends dipped in rosin, supply all the purposes in the way of kindling which could be performed by five times the value of white printing paper; while the other uses for paper are met by an inferior brown material, which inflicts no waste upon the printing stock. By this means the major part of the original stock is preserved for reproduction, and the price of the article constantly kept down. By the same thrifty system of saving old newspapers and handing them over to the dealers, who will be glad to call at private houses for them, nearly the whole market stock will be preserved, turned into the mill, and reproduced with the loss, certainly of not more than ten or fifteen per cent. Under the present wasteful habits of the public, nearly the whole current edition is now utterly destroyed, while the demand constantly exists against the source."

England and America—1863.—The following high-toned and expressive poem is taken from the new volume of poems by Richard Monckton Milnes, lately elevated to the English peerage, under the title of Lord Houghton. He is one of the most respected and beloved noblemen in England, a man of comprehensive intellect, exquisite culture and refinement. He is distinguished for the sweetness of his character and the unwearied practical beneficence of his life. His friendship to our country has always been strong and steady.—*Boston Transcript.*

We only know that in the sultry weather
Men toiled for us as in the steaming room,
And in our minds we hardly set together
The bondman's penance and the freeman's loom.

We never thought the jealous gods would store
For us ill deeds of time-forgotten graves,
Nor heeded that the May Flower one day bore
A freight of pilgrims, and another slaves.

First on the bold upholders of the wrong,
And last on us, the heavy-laden years
Avenge the cruel triumphs of the strong—
Trampled affections, and the derided tears.

Labor, degraded from her high behest,
Cries, "Ye shall know I am the living breath,
And not the curse of man. Ye shall have rest—
The rest of fam'ne and the rest of death."

O, happy distant hours! that shall restore
Honor to work and pleasure to repose,
Hasten your steps, just heard above the war
Of wildering passions and the crash of foes.

Tyranny of the Post Office.—The first idler lets fly his note at me for a yes or no; the penny-post overwhelms me with small shot. This is nothing, you say—see, it cuts, hacks and riddles, without counting that we must reply! Ah! I have felt the charm of long answers to those who love us; I know the piquancy of rapartee when two sparkling intellects cross swords; but this needs leisure. The man harrassed by a package of urgent missives, will never more give himself the exquisite pleasure of writing according to his caprice. No, he will take a small-sized sheet of paper, write in large hand the main points of his business, fold it, thrust it into an envelope, gum and stamp it; then another, and another, and another, until the jaded mind ceases to act, the paralyzed fingers refuse their service, the pen grates on the paper instead of gliding over it, and he is seized with a mad desire, like a rebellious slave, to break the instruments of his torture, and to throw out of the window ink-stand, blotting-case, letters, postman, and, lastly, himself.

He does nothing of the sort. Born to suffering, he must perform his drudgery. Moreover, says he, by an effort I can extricate myself. I will give three hours to it, or even four. Come, let me clear this desk for once, and free my conscience! Here is the pile; I will not stir till I have made it disappear by legitimate means; this done, I shall breathe again! The package diminishes; but three letters remain, but two, but one; it is done. My head aches; no matter, I am free.

The servant knocks gently, enters in silence, lays a dozen envelopes on your table, and withdraws, saying, in a low voice, "The noon mail, sir!"

And there will be an evening mail!—*Countess de Gasparin.*

Rosa Bonheur and her Pictures.—Many of you have probably seen an engraving of the picture called "The Horse Fair," painted by a French lady, Rosa Bonheur. Her history is interesting, as showing what industry and plucky determination will do. Her father was a poor drawing-master in Paris, and apprenticed Rosa, at the age of twelve, to learn dress-making; but her health failed. and she left a business she did not like. She soon commenced to make models of animals, and copy her father's paintings, hoping some day to be able to support herself. She worked hard day after day, until her father noticed her wonderful progress, and gave her a course of instruction. He then sent her to the Louvre, the finest picture gallery in Paris, to copy from the best paintings. Here she used to work from morning until night. Soon her pictures began to sell for a small sum, which increased her diligence. She was then but sixteen years old. Having resolved to devote herself to painting animals, and being too poor to buy models, she used to take a bit of bread in her pocket, walk out into the country, and copy from nature. She would also visit the cattle-pens in the city, where animals were kept previous to being slaughtered. This was not a pleasant place for a young lady, but she was too much in earnest to be stopped by trifles. Her reward soon came. When nineteen years old, she received several prizes for her pictures exhibited in Paris, and at last took the gold medal for the best painting. At thirty-two she finished the "Horse Fair," which brought her $8,000, and from that time her fortune was made. She is now very wealthy, and the best animal painter in Europe. Remember the secret of her success: *She loved her work, and stuck to it.*

The Prussian Order of Louise.—We believe in medals and like acknowledgment of service. They stimulate if they do not prompt to deserving action. Even the badge worn by our returned soldiers, to distinguish one corps from another, has a chivalric look that demands respect. This order is designed for meritorious women, and the mention of it suggests the inquiry if some such gift would not be desirable in our own land, where noble women are devoting their lives to the service of humanity, and deserving all that the order contemplates. This order was founded on the second of August, 1814, and is a decoration for services rendered by women in the hospitals, and otherwise, to the wounded and sick military in the war of 1813 and 1814. The badge is a small gold cross with black enamel. The middle of both sides is enamelled sky blue, and contains on the obverse the letter L, with a wreath of stars round it, and on the reverse the figures 1813 and 1814. The order is worn upon the left breast, suspended by the white ribbon of the Iron Cross, and fastened by a bow. It was presented equally to single or married females, Prussians by birth or naturalization. The number was limited to one hundred. The chapter was composed of four ladies—the Countess Arnim, the wives of Buguslowsky and of Welper (merchant), and, finally, the widow of the statuary Eben—under the presidency of the queen.—*Home Journal.*

Acres of Flowers.—Thousands of acres of soil are annually planted with flowers in France and Italy, for making perfume alone. A single grower in Southern France sells annually 60,000 pounds of rose flowers, 30,000 pounds each of jasmine and tuberose, 40,000 pounds of violet blossoms, besides thousands of pounds of mint, thyme, rosemary, etc., and he is but one of hundreds engaged in this branch of horticulture. The atmosphere of some of these towns is so filled with fragrance that a person is made aware of his approach to them by the odors which greet him miles away. Already, in America, hundreds of acres of peppermint and lavender are being planted, and the product exported to Europe. Though the Old World bears the palm in the perfumery line, and London and Paris, with their Covent Gardens and Marche-aux-Fleurs, lead New York in window gardening, and the cultivation of flowers in pots, generally; yet New York carries on a larger trade in cut flowers than either of the cities mentioned, or any other in the world. One New York dealer has sold, since last September, 50,000 carnation blossoms, 30,000 bouvardias, 70,000 Chinese primroses, 30,000 tuberoses, besides over 10,000 rose camelias, heliotropes, etc., and he is but one of a large number engaged in this business.—*Home Journal.*

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